

Public Library,

JAN 30 1888

DETROIT, MICH.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1887.

VOL. XXI.—No. 521.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



PUCK'S SOUVENIR PERFORMANCE.

521st Appearance: 11th Year.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
PUCK BUILDING,
New York.
Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler,
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.
Wednesday, March 2nd, 1887.—No. 521.
For PUCK's Special Notices, see page 12.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TEN YEARS AGO—it seems a trifling span—one poor little decade, shivering in the boundless space of the ages. Yet in this last period of ten years, the social conditions of this country, and especially of New York City, have changed to an extent that few of us can realize—for we, too, have changed with them. The story is practically the same all over the country; but let us only look back to the life of New Yorkers ten years ago, and note the difference that a single decade has made for us.

Does it not seem strange, when we remember it, the fact that outside of the houses of the rich and great, on which certain European lights had fallen, our homes lay shrouded in the Philistine darkness of the Jim Fisk era of decoration. The fire kindled by Mr. William Morris (in that happy day when he worked more and talked less,) faintly illumined our horizon—but only faintly. We were learning something of the beauty and propriety of neutral tints in wall-papers and carpets; we had even got to putting alternate strips or squares or diamonds of wood on the floors of billiard-rooms; and a rug on a bare floor did not call forth unpleasant comment. But we still hankered after satin-covered chairs; we used rep freely and boldly; we were not ashamed to own black-walnut cabinets with gilt grooves and quirlicues in them. Not one man out of ten could tell the weft of Daghestan from that of Wilton. Not one man out of a hundred preferred the eastern fabric. No chair was without its antimacassar—euphemistically “tidy.” It is hard to believe that all this is true; but it is true of the ordinary household of ten years ago. In 1877 we were talking of “Eastlake” furniture—and buying it.

And why not? We had no *Art Amateur*, no *Art Interchange*, no *Art Age* to teach us better things and keep our young women employed in making home happy, beautiful, and cluttered. The painted tambourine hung on our walls, perhaps; but the hammered brass tray reposed in the womb of the future. Our literature did little to stimulate us. The *Century*—(it was *Scribner's Monthly* then; and what is *Scribner's Magazine* now existed not,) was just beginning to be artistic, and had not yet thought of celebrating the mysteries of Vedder on its cover. *Harper's Monthly* was just awakening from its long slumber of conservatism. A volume printed on cream-laid paper, with a red line in the margin was a “gift book.” The *Critic* had not come to show us that an American literary journal might be not only possible, but indispensable. Mr. Howells and Mr. James were “rising novelists;” and who then could name half-a-dozen of the long list that to-day rise or have risen—from Cable to Craddock? There was still a sting in the vicious old query: “Who reads an American book?”

How much better have we learned to amuse ourselves within these ten years! People said that no humorous paper could live in this country, and neither *Life* nor *Tid-Bits* had appeared to back up the first journal that disproved the oracles. For sport—for simple, innocent sport—benighted souls still played croquet, nor dreamed of tennis-courts to be. If a girl could not ride or row, she must even let her biceps become limp as a dish-rag. It was not quite certain that she could learn to swim, and yet retain the bloom of maidenhood. The men were not much better off. Base-ball was dead, past all resurrection, they said. The first hardy pioneers who ventured forth on bicycles were stoned, and the dogs were set upon them. The man with the amateur-photographer's outfit was more of a curiosity than a sleight-of-hand trickster—and he, poor wretch, messed with wet collodion plates. The New York and the Manhattan Athletic Clubs occupied shanties on the outskirts of the town. Lacrosse was a name; and foot-ball was unscientifically unexciting.

In Art we have made giant strides—but then we always were a great country for making giant strides in Art. We had no Madison Square Theatre, no Lyceum, no College of Dramatic Art, in 1877. What is now

Mr. Daly's thespian drawing-room was a dismal “Broadway Theatre,” with the odor of Wood's old Museum lingering about it. Mr. Wallack had not brought the British diorama to the pitch of realistic perfection. The Academy was Music's lonely fane. There, in that year, the “Flying Dutchman” was produced to the great amusement of the facetious populace, and the financial ruin of the producer. We never thought that we should learn to sit in appreciative Wagnerian silence, four hours at a stretch in four-dollar seats, surrounded by the hideous grandeur of the Metropolitan Opera House. In pictorial art the National Academy and Nassau Street still had things pretty much their own way. A little band of bitumenians from Munich had come to enlighten us in bravely decorated studios; but the American Art Association's palace was still unplanned, unhelped for. The public had not yet advanced from Bierstadt to Boldini; and two-cent journalism had not made us all wise concerning peachblow vases and over-fired *sang-de-bœuf*.

But the greatest and best change that has come to the country in this decade is the awakening among the people of a vital and profound faith in pure and honest politics. The conscience, the self-respect of the American people spoke two years ago in the election of Mr. Cleveland; and to-day, when his term is but half spent, we find that his adherence to his pledges of reform has already educated the public to judge his acts and those of other members of the government by a higher standard than has been known in our politics for at least two generations. All is not done; prejudice, ignorance, self-interest still move a great number of Americans to oppose all efforts for the bettering of our government and the abolition of old and bad ideas. But the work has been begun, its practicability is no longer a question; and every year brings us nearer to an awakening among the people such as that great uprising of righteousness that a quarter of a century ago swept slavery from the land.

These are a few of the things that hint at or show the growth of the nation in the decade's space that lies between the publication of the first number of this paper, and its 521st issue. Looking back over the files of ten years, we can honestly say that Puck has grown with his country, in wisdom and in strength. And, to-day, as we give greeting to old friends and new, we feel well paid for ten years of hard work in the knowledge that we have had our share in the great work that has been done—that is still doing—to give the nation that good government that can be founded only upon the unselfish devotion of her citizens.

H. C. B.



AN UNAPPRECIATED GIFT.

PAPA (naturally nervous).—W—What is it, and where did it come from?

KATHLEEN.—It's a toucan, papa; and Cousin Jack brought it to me from Brazil.

PAPA (partly recovering).—Well, Jack, my boy, when you have another attack of jim-jams in one of those Southern countries, don't try to catch any more of the apparitions.



AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

(Blessed is he who hath found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. —CARLYLE.)

FAN.—Oh, Nan, how do you do?

NAN.—Do? I don't do at all. I am just worn out.

FAN.—So am I. I have n't energy enough to tell the truth.

NAN.—And it *is* so much easier to fib, is n't it?

FAN.—Oh, infinitely. But, really, I can hardly wait for Ash Wednesday.

NAN.—Nor I. I tell Mama I shall sleep for a straight week from Mardi Gras.

FAN.—I wish I could, but I've got to do *some* church going.

NAN.—It's just lovely to be a Presbyterian through Lent.

FAN.—It must be. I envy you. Mama and I, though, are going down to Old Point almost directly.

NAN.—And you don't have to be anything there but be lazy. How wise you are!

FAN.—Are n't we? It is a case of necessity. I take my own maid now to all the balls, and she just keeps me through the evening on sherry and quinine.

NAN.—I live on beef-tea and massage.

FAN.—Oh, I am quite beyond those.

NAN.—Is n't it just dreadful the way we are worked?

FAN.—Perfectly! I must n't stand gossiping with you another moment. I have to finish my shopping yet, and hurry home to luncheon, and this afternoon I show at four receptions, dine at the Merediths', and go with them to the opera, and finish the night at the Hillhouse german.

NAN.—So do I—everything except the dinner, and we entertain at home. Come and see me when you can.

FAN.—Thanks. I'll try.

NAN.—Don't come before twelve. I am not at home to my maid even, till eleven. Good-bye.

FAN.—Good-bye.

MRS. B.—Oh, my dear Mrs. X., do sit down quietly by me a moment.

MRS. X.—With the greatest pleasure. In these crowded rooms a secluded nook like this is a positive boon.

MRS. B.—Is n't it?—particularly at this end of the season. I am thoroughly fagged.

MRS. X.—So am I, completely. I tell Mr. X. nothing but an ocean trip will revive me this Lent.

MRS. B.—Do you think you will go over?

MRS. X.—Not over, but down. To Nassau, probably.

MRS. B.—Anywhere, to rest. I tell Mr. B., when ones visiting list is as large as mine, it really needs the strength of a Hercules to keep up with the round.

MRS. X.—Does n't it? Mrs. Y. said to me the other day: "wait till your daughter grows up, and then you'll know what a real winter's work is."

MRS. B.—Poor Mrs. Y.! I can fancy she finds it dreadfully fatiguing to chaperone her dear Belle.

MRS. X.—Can you not? I smiled to myself when I told her that she ought to be contented now to shine in her daughter's reflected light.

MRS. B.—You were really too unkind. The poor woman would sit in the darkness of Erebus.

MRS. X.—Poor Belle! The season has been wasted for her.

MRS. B.—Worse than wasted, for it counts one more.

MRS. X.—Yes, indeed! But I must leave you. I see Mrs. Z. in the tea-room, and I want to speak to her. We play together to-morrow night, you know.

MRS. B.—Oh, yes. I'm coming, if I'm alive.

MRS. X.—It's a very worthy charity, I believe. I've forgotten just which one it is we play for to-morrow night, but I know it deserves to be sustained.

MRS. B.—I don't doubt it. Good-bye.

MRS. X.—Good-bye.

SAUNDERS.—Hello, Flaunders, which way?

FLAUNDERS.—Oh, to one of those blankety blank teas, third this week.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd! one used me up.

FLAUNDERS.—Don't wonder! Beastly bores!

SAUNDERS.—Ya'as; the whole business is.

FLAUNDERS.—Deuced good thing Lent calls a halt.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd! I'm all played out.

FLAUNDERS.—Ditto. A german now knocks me endwise.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd! My man groomed me an hour after the last one.

FLAUNDERS.—Dessay.

SAUNDERS.—Have a B. & S.?

FLAUNDERS.—Just had two.

SAUNDERS.—So have I. Have another!

FLAUNDERS.—I'll go you!

PHILIP H. WELCH.

THE SNOW-SHOE.



THE SNOW-SHOE has come to stay. I have a pair of them in my closet now that will stay there until I get a chance to sell them. They cost me four dollars and fifty cents, and I am in receipt of just about twenty cents' worth of fun from them in three seasons. To be sure, that is n't the snow-shoes' fault. Last year we had six inches of snow, and the year before we did n't have any—to speak of. This year, I think, we shall have some along in March—perhaps enough to start the maple sap running.

I took my first tramp on snow-shoes when there were six inches of snow on the ground. That was last winter. I tramped down to the end of the garden, and was transported with delight. I had no idea snow-shoeing was so easy. Before I started back, being somewhat out of breath, and a little lame in the calves, I took off the snow-shoes and carried them on my shoulder. If I was delighted at first, I was enraptured then. I never realized before how easy walking was.

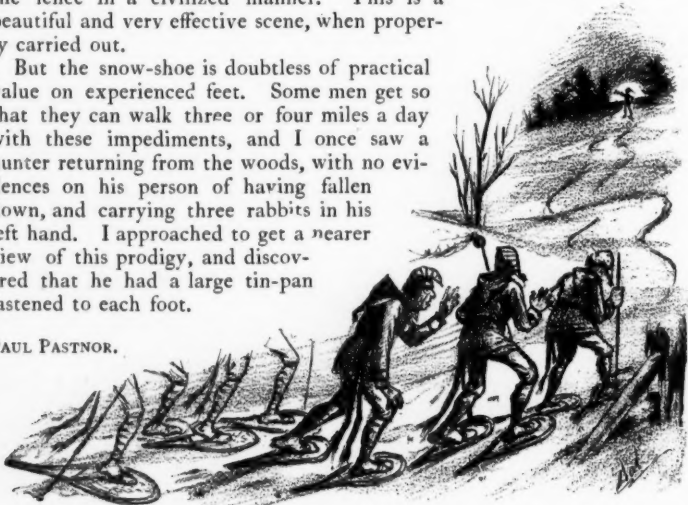
I have experimented somewhat with snow-shoes, and find that the best places to use them are on the solid ice, and in the middle of the road. I once belonged to our town snow-shoe club. When the boys used to start out for a tramp, they always walked in the hollow beside the road, rather than climb fences. One moonlight night I noticed it was pretty smooth and nice up in the road, so I got up there. I was surprised to find what an improvement it was, and I called all the fellows up. We walked for quite a distance there, and finally, I took my snow-shoes off, and discovered that it was a great relief. I walked along comfortably in my moccasins, and got about two miles ahead of the club. Then I sat down to wait. When the boys came up, they challenged me to a race across the fields home. I said: "All right. Wait until I leave my snow-shoes in this barn." I then got over the fence and ran through the snow, reaching home about an hour-and-a-quarter ahead of the club. The next day I said: "Boys, I must resign, unless you will let me join your tramps without the formality of snow-shoes." They would n't do it; so I resigned.

I have seen some races on snow-shoes, but I never saw any such contest on the actual, unbeaten snow. They always take place on the ice, or on a hard track. I have often wondered why it would not do just as well to tie a half-pound weight to each man's foot, or else call it an obstruction race to begin with?

I like to see a man with a pair of snow-shoes on, getting over a fence. He approaches it as one would a long-lost friend, with arms outstretched and face wreathed in smiles. He grasps the top board, or rail, as the case may be, and elevates one of his beautiful Chicago flats to the second board or rail from the bottom. Then he tucks his snow-shoe as far in as he can, pulls himself laboriously up, and inserts C. flat number two. Now comes the tug-of-war—the grand *pas de fascination*. He is to get C. flat number one over the top of the fence. He nerves himself, sidles along a little, disengages flat number one, turns the toe in, Indian fashion, executes a grand upward flourish, misses his aim! The unwieldy snow-shoe comes back with a rush, snatches the man from the fence, catches its tail in the snow, involves man, Chicagos number two, snow-bank, portions of fence, red mittens, and several other things in a grand *mêlée* of confusion, and finally becomes the only prominent feature of the landscape, sticking up pathetically out of the snow. By and by a hand comes up, a red mitten comes off, there is a frantic struggle with the fastenings of the snow-shoe, and at last it drops off, and the victim rises from his snowy couch, very red in the face, very white in the garments, and very blue in the surrounding atmosphere. He then takes off the other snow-shoe, and climbs over the fence in a civilized manner. This is a beautiful and very effective scene, when properly carried out.

But the snow-shoe is doubtless of practical value on experienced feet. Some men get so that they can walk three or four miles a day with these impediments, and I once saw a hunter returning from the woods, with no evidences on his person of having fallen down, and carrying three rabbits in his left hand. I approached to get a nearer view of this prodigy, and discovered that he had a large tin-pan fastened to each foot.

PAUL PASTNOR.



CRIPPLED FRENCH.

SALESMAN.—This necklace was made from diamonds taken from an old *aigrette*, and—

CURIOUS CHICAGO BUYER.—Excuse me, but I always like to know the history of my jewels. What did they take them away from her for?

ARS LONGA.

SHE GAVE ME the rose that she wore in her hair,
And she said in a suppliant whisper caressing,
"Deal tenderly with it, a rose is so fair,
With its silent sweet breath such dear secrets expressing."

"T will bloom but for thee, like a message of love—"
And over her brow ran a flush softly burning,
While her glance, shyly rising, met mine from above.
How dark were her eyes that grew humid with yearning!

I smiled at the rose, but I gazed at the maid
With an eye that was stern and an aspect judicial;
And though my heart throbbed, yet I said: "I'm afraid
I perceive that your rose is like you—artificial."

Her glance once again fell demure and so staid,
As over her brow the bright blush tint grew stronger:
"If the rose and myself are of artifice made,"
She murmured, "Why, surely we'll bloom all the longer."
W. H. HENDERSON.

AN EXCHANGE TELLS US that the best way to prevent water-pipes from freezing in winter is to bind them with cotton batting. Now, then, if some other contemporary will only tell us how we can burrow through two feet of frozen earth in order to reach the pipes, we will promptly take the cue, and keep the plumber off our premises.

W. H. BEARD, THE ARTIST, has made a study of a large picture, to be entitled "The Power of Death." Weirdly depicted is a half-clothed figure with a death's head, one hand grasping a tiger in the throes of dissolution, the other a withered tree, while one foot rests on the prostrate form of a dead elephant. In the background, which is desolate and gloomy, is a dead lion—and all that is required to round out the creation into fullness of strength, is the introduction of the Republican party in the foreground.

ACCORDING to the latest cable news, Christine Nilsson is or is not married, or is going to be married, or has been married, or is willing to be married, or might, could, would, or should be married, or something like that.

PENSION BILLS OF THE FUTURE.

(From the Congressional Record, Feb. 20, 2387.)

MR. SLEMMER.—Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to take from the Private Calendar the Bill (H. R., 143,876), for present consideration. I think there can be no possible objection to—

SEVERAL MEMBERS.—Regular order, Mr. Speaker.

MR. SLEMMER.—If the gentlemen will give me time to mention the purpose of the Bill, I am sure there will be no dissent to its consideration. The Bill is for the relief of Peter J. Murphy, of Jones's Falls, New York, who is at this moment lying on a sick bed from a disease inherited from an ancestor who fought bravely throughout the war, which saved the Union, five hundred years ago. Is there a man on this floor who will dare to raise his voice against the descendants of the men who saved this great and glorious nation?

THE SPEAKER.—Is there any objection?

There being no objection, the Bill was read.

MR. SLEMMER.—Mr. Speaker, the Committee on Invalid Pensions are unanimously of the opinion that the claim of Peter J. Murphy has been unjustly rejected by the Pension Office. We have examined the matter carefully, and are thoroughly convinced that Mr. Murphy is entitled to a pension under the Soldiers' Descendants' law. By the provisions of this law, as we all know, a man, in order to secure a pension, must prove that he is a lineal descendant of a soldier of 1861-65, and must show that he is disabled by the inherited consequences of that sad war. Now, sir, Mr. Peter Murphy can clearly trace his genealogy back to Cornelius Murphy, who, as the records of the War Office show, fought in the First New York Volunteers during the four long years of the struggle. On account of the many intervening generations, it is impossible to say just what is Peter's relation to Cornelius, but certain it is that he is a lineal descendant.

(At this point Mr. Slemmer submitted to the house an armful of family Bibles, with other documents to prove Peter's authenticity.) Next, I will demonstrate to the House that Mr. Murphy has inherited from the aforementioned ancestor a disease which renders him unable to earn a subsistence. Once more I refer you to the records of the War Office, which show that, in the latter part of 1864, Cornelius Murphy was wounded in the hip, and that thereafter he was unable to stand without great pain. Now, sir, Peter J. is affected precisely in the same manner. The region about his hip is swollen and intensely painful, and he must lie in bed most of the time. From the evidence submitted, it seems to me a clear case of inherited disability.

A MEMBER.—Did not the Commissioner of Pensions find that Murphy injured his hip two months ago by falling into the hatch of a coal vessel?

MR. SLEMMER.—That is a fact, but remember, sir, that the Commis-



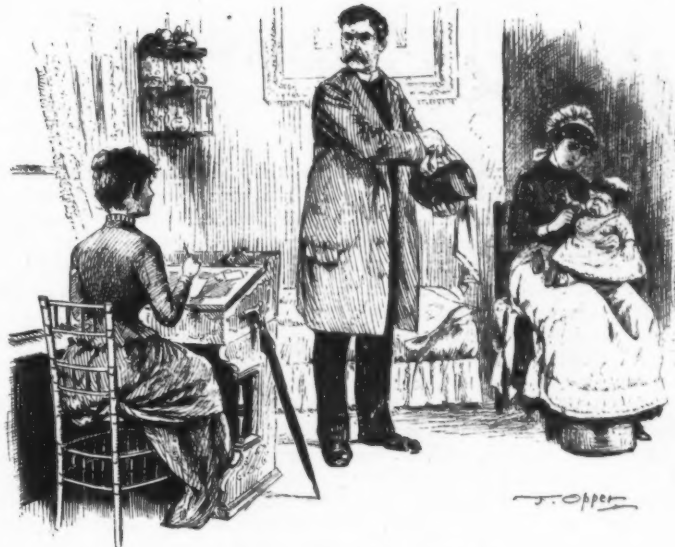
HUB FASHIONS.

MEEK-LOOKING STRANGER (in dry-goods store).—I want to look at something in the way of shawls.

PROPRIETOR.—Shawls, sir; yes, sir. For a young or old lady, sir?

MEEK-LOOKING STRANGER.—Neither. I want to wear it myself.

PROPRIETOR.—Ah, yes; and how are times over in Boston, sir?



WILL SURELY BE MAILED.

WIFE (to HUSBAND).—Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John; but I have written her that just at present, while baby is teething, it would n't be convenient. If I give you the letter will you think to mail it?

HUSBAND (with an air of perfect confidence).—Well, I should say I would!

sioner's findings are not to be regarded without suspicion. He has persistently refused just claims, solely for the purpose of making a show of economy in his office, and gaining votes for his party at the ensuing election. He is trying to reduce the pension expenditures this year from a billion to nine hundred millions of dollars, and to accomplish his purpose he reckes not of the sufferings and poverty of our soldiers' descendants. Fellow-members, are we going to prove ourselves ungrateful to the men who saved the Union, just because the Commissioner of Pensions wants to pose as an economist? No, sirs, we will not! I hear gentlemen calling for a vote. Let it be taken, and do not forget that the soldiers' descendants will be important factors next November.

The vote on the passage of the Bill resulted: Yeas, 497—nays, 1.

W. L. RIORDON.

TRIED THEM ALL.

PATIENT.—I am suffering, doctor, from five colds.

DOCTOR.—Five colds?

PATIENT.—Yes; I came up in a Third Avenue elevated train this afternoon, and caught one in each car.

EXPLORER SCHLIEHMANN is getting ready to make a voyage of discovery up the Nile. Our government has given him instructions to unearth the original protectionist, if possible. They want him as a companion for the mummy of Rameses II.

WHEN IN AFRICA, Henry M. Stanley gives up cigars, and confines himself to his pipe. This may, after profound reflection, be attributed to the immense quantity of "niggerhead" in that country.

GARLAND THINKS that Manning is foolish to give up a good thing, simply on account of poor health.

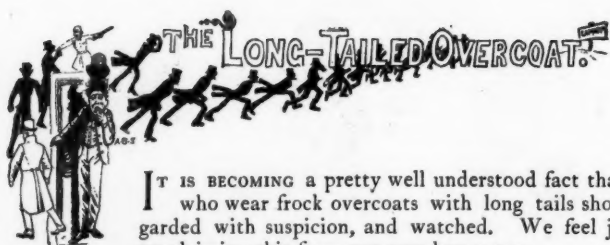
IS N'T IT about time to give some of us fellows a pension who stayed at home during the war, and yelled and hipped and hurraed for the grand old flag?—God bless it! Is n't it worth money to look after helpless women and innocent children.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN WARFIELD, of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, has been appointed professor of "didactic and polemic theology" in Princeton Seminary. The good Apostle Paul was n't so very much of a man, after all.

I'M A MERRY OLD DAME, I'm a hundred years old,
I can skip like the liveliest lamb in the fold;
I do all the washing, and chop all the wood,
And my sight and my hearing are perfectly good.

I can knit and embroider, my teeth are all sound,
And upon my nose never are spectacles found;
I'm as gay as a lark on a rose-colored morn,
And I've smoked and drank whiskey e'er since I was born.





IT IS BECOMING a pretty well understood fact that all men who wear frock overcoats with long tails should be regarded with suspicion, and watched. We feel justified in proclaiming this from our new house-top:

"Beware of all men who wear frock overcoats with long tails!"

In denouncing the men who wear these coats, we wish to go so far as to say that we have known men to wear this style of coat who were above suspicion. But upon investigation, we have learned that they purchased them because they were to be had at bargains, or for differing reasons other than preference.

We make this statement for the benefit of these innocent people, that they may provide themselves with different garments, and be able to walk in the open daylight without being characterized as undesirable persons. These people have frequently been pointed out as excellent actors, because they wore such an innocent, honest aspect while in their frock overcoats with long tails; but the truth of the matter is, they were ignorant of the true meaning of their overcoats, and were simply acting in their natural way.

A man who is dishonest, or has low, sinister ideas, will prefer an overcoat with tails, for it will seem to him that, as a garment, it possesses greater beauty than any other, but this preference is planted in his heart in such a way that he will indulge it, and thus proclaim himself to his fellow-man in his true colors, without being aware of it.

The fact that a man who wears a shawl and a high hat at the same time, is actuated in all his movements by low, sinister ideas, is too well known to need ventilation in these columns. It would be as superfluous to allude to the character of the man who wears a Spanish cloak with a Derby.

It is now generally believed that every honest man knows the true significance of the long-tailed overcoat in all its ramifications, and that the dishonest man does not for a moment suspect its true meaning. If he did, he would use the ulster as a cloak.

Any detective bureau will furnish corroborative testimony on this point. If they learn from the tailor of a man for whom they are looking, that he is the wearer of a coat with tails, they redouble their efforts to capture him, believing he will turn out to be guilty of other misdeeds than those of which he is charged, and prove, in himself, a rich harvest.

When you are introduced to a man during the summer, don't become too intimate. Wait patiently until the cold weather arrives, and see what kind of an overcoat he wears. It is believed that the overcoat with tails will bring a man who has any dishonesty in his composition, down into the mire sooner or later.

Its influence does not disappear from the wearer's system until after May, when it has been thrown aside for a couple of months; and, indeed, some philosophers of eminence go so far as to give it as their opinion that the man whom the long-tailed frock overcoat has marked for its own, is really not responsible for his acts, and should be looked upon with sympathy and pity, and treated like one addicted to the opium habit. A syndicate is now being formed for the erection of a home for these sufferers, and specialists in nerve and brain diseases are beginning to give the subject attention.

When a man wears a long-tailed frock overcoat unbuttoned, with the collar turned up, and then shambles along the street looking on the ground, with his ears pulled down inside the collar, he is beyond reform, and should be looked upon with the same beautiful charity that is bestowed upon a kleptomaniac, who is otherwise eminently respectable.

A man will shortly be denounced as one whose great grandfather wore a long-tailed frock overcoat, and that will keep him without

A REALIZING SENSE.

"YOUNG MAN," said an apostle, solemnly: "do you realize, when you retire at night, that you may be called before the morning dawns?"

"Yes, sir," responded the young man: "I realize it fully. I'm the father of a three weeks' old baby."



the pale of civilized society. It is pretty well known that the convicts in States prisons all wear jackets. The authorities see that they are not allowed to wear coats with tails. They may be unconscious of it, but, by depriving them of the coat-tails, they do more for their morality, respectability, and permanent reform, than they do with dark cells and bread and water.

R. K. M.

LITTLE WILLIE, the son of an Omaha man, swallowed a silver dollar two years ago, and it has just been extracted. His father objected to depositing in a bank where funds were not subject to check.

MR. TALMAGE says he is going to stick in Brooklyn for the remainder of his life. Unless the Street Cleaning Bureau puts in some sudden licks, Mr. Talmage's assertion bears the stamp of literal truth.

BY WAY of a practical joke, some friends of a Wilmington, Del., man recently threw some ignited cotton waste in his face, which caused his death. Without humor, what a dreary life this would be!

VERDI, THE COMPOSER, has received from King Humbert the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurizio and St. Lazzaro. He can now keep his necktie from shifting without pinning it behind.

LAST YEAR thirty-seven new operas were produced in Italy, twenty-eight in Germany, twelve in France, and six in England, while this country had to depend on the efforts of Irving Bishop, W. Heron Allen, and Marshall P. Wilder. We shall regret the effect of this inaction when we look on our future generations.

WE SHOULD THINK that when the animals were named, the porcupine ought to have been called the stickleback, and the fish bearing the latter name something else.

SOME OF THE richest Congressmen are the poorest Congressmen. And there is nothing paradoxical about it, either.

PROFESSOR BARNARD says the new comet is now visible at 6 P. M. But there is no fun in looking at a comet at 6 P. M.

THE ADVENT of the new baby at Sec'y Whitney's residence does not interfere with the festivities. They have bawls there every night. This may be a chestnut, but so are babies.



DROPPED IN UNEXPECTEDLY.

FOND FATHER (from the country, paying visit to son, medical student).—Well, my boy, I'm glad to see that you're working hard, and not wasting your time, as many young men do, drinking and playing cards with loose companions. And now sit down and we'll have a good two hours' chat before I go back to the hotel.



INDS, WINDS, WINDS.

IN A COUNTRY of "New South" orators, patent-medicine men and aggressive politicians, one can not know too much about wind.

Winds blow from everywhere; they are of all strengths, temperatures, and tempers. There are monsoons, hurricanes, tempests, flaws, zephyrs, and no winds at all, which last are, in general, facetiously known as "white-ash breezes." This is a maritime jest, a twin to "splicing the main brace," and the two comprise not only the entire humorous offspring of the nautical family, but a very conclusive proof that man was made to mourn. But in speaking of winds, it is right

to avoid such sorrowful reflections, and to be as gay and airy as we can.

The staples and stand-bys of winds are those blowing from the cardinal points of the compass. The connection between cardinals and wind is too apparent for remark. From the North, South, East and West blow these winds, and both in our lives and in literature they are very different from each other. The North wind is a bull in the wool market, while the South wind is a bear; but in the cotton market they change places. In the sealskin-sacque market, however, all winds are bulls. The North wind is the one of which elocutionists speak with a shivering roll of the "r," while for the South wind they have a blandishing tone of such softness that an unsophisticated audience is often beguiled into believing that butter would not melt in the elocutionists' mouths.

West winds, sometimes called "Winds of the West," and by elocutionists, "Western wynds," blow more agreeably in poesy than anywhere else. It is their special delight to twirl off a man's hat, and make him chase it into the Orient. A wind from any other quarter will not do this. East winds make us shiver; ugh! shiver-r-r!! That is, if we have read "Bleak House;" if we have n't, they make us get our straw hat, and go forth to snuff the invigorating breeze.

It used to be the theory among college "boys" that all the winds were once confined in the cave of Eolus, and that they were loosed by a goddess in a fit of feminine customariness; but college "men" of the present day inform the writer that a fair wind straight down the course don't make so much difference. There is a theory, too, that no one knoweth whence the wind cometh nor whither it goeth, and the establishment of the U. S. Signal Service has done much to support the idea. And yet, we always know that the wind cometh from windward, and often we know whither it goeth; it goeth through the car-window that you want shut, and into the newspaper that you want open. It goeth among the bangs of the fair young girl. It starteth up from far away; now quickly, now slowly it goeth. It hasteneth, it lingereth; it flieth o'er the unbending corn and skimmeth along the main; and, at last, it darteth through the elms and in at the window, just in time to take advantage of an opened door. How joyous that it is not too late! And, with a glad burst it leapeth against the door, and shutteth it, and awakeneth the baby.

Any wind will do this, but it must not be supposed that the winds choose all their works thus indiscriminately. There are enterprises peculiar to certain winds. Thus, "the wind that springs up from o'er the sea, and wrinkles the waves in its sportive glee" would not be the wind to cry, "Z-z-z-z-z" over a lonely plain at midnight. The "breeze that fans my lady's cheek" may be the "sweet South blowing o'er a bank of violets," but it is not the wind that "gently kiss the trees that they do make no noise:" for the first is an afternoon wind, while the latter blows only on moonlight nights.

The winds which make a "gusty day" come only in Autumn; the

same winds in Winter would make a "blustering day," but in Spring they would make a "windy day," and that is all. We speak of the "boreal blasts" of Winter, the "balmy breath" of the Printemps, the "sensuous breath" of Summer. There are the "gales of March," but who ever heard of the gales of July?

There is the "mournful wind" which moans at night over churchyards; the "fitful gust" that unnerves the "belated traveler;" the "cold draft of air as if from some vault," which announces the ghost to the fool-hardy guest in the "old wing;" the "rising tempest" which howls over the dark roof; the "gales o' wind"—of course very different from mere gales—spoken of by sailors; and there is the "dancing fickle" wind, which scurries down the street (in Dickens), and whose business it is to take the hat off a familiar personage, and blow it against a new character by way of introduction.

And there is the "wind of such commotion;" the wind that people try to "raise;" the wind of which wind-puddings are made—

And there are infinite other winds; but it will take further study of "New South" oratory to treat of them at all exhaustively.

WILLISTON FISH.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

WIFE.—This is the third winter that I have worn this cloak, dear, and I'm very tired of it. Beside, brown is not becoming to me at all.

HUSBAND (a man of resources).—Why not have it dyed?

PRINCE EUGENE NICHOLAS, Duke of Nericia, youngest son of the King of Sweden, has arrived in Paris, and, being passionately fond of painting, has taken a studio in the Latin quarter. As a suggestion to his governor, and in the kindest possible way, we want to say that vermilion should be positively barred.



A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.

SMITH.—Who is that gentleman you were talking with just now?

BROWN.—He claims to be a titled Englishman of distinguished family, but I doubt it.

SMITH.—Why?

BROWN.—Because he did n't ask me to lend him any money.

IT IS SAID that the President does n't dare go out riding, now-a-days, for fear of running over a candidate for an Interstate Commerce Commissioner.

ALTHOUGH NOT TALKATIVE at all, the oyster is a very pleasant companion at dinner.

OUR PRESENT fishery trouble would seem insignificant if somebody would invent a boneless shad.

BOSTON HOLDS ON to Sullivan, and has just paid ten thousand dollars for Kelly. The Hub has lost her grip on culture, and is now going in for main strength.

CAPTAIN GREELY HAS a magnificent growth of whiskers, and as chief of the Signal Service he can get all the wind he wants to blow through them.

THE NEW YORK "GIANTS" should bear in mind that bouquets and brass bands don't win games of ball.

MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

EASTERN YOUNG MAN (to Chicago young woman).—Chicago, Miss Breezy, seems to be making rapid strides in the direction of culture and refinement.

MISS BREEZY.—Yes, sir; there has been a noticeable advance in that respect, although we are yet far from where we ought to be. But like the wingless little animal the poet speaks of, Mr. Waldo, we expect to get there just the same.





LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE.

At the café French cooks alone
Could to her taste abnormal cater;
And, with an accent all her own,
She steadily "garçonned" the waiter.

SHE WAS as bright and brave a maid
As ever skipped across a gutter,
With honest lips quite unafraid
The straight United States to utter.

I talked of books, she said: "My mind
No more in native fiction grovels;
Real life in French alone I find."
She cited then some *awful* novels.

I loved her unaffected ways,
So jolly fresh, so frankly tender,
Till she caught up the Gallic craze
And borrowed all "Paree" could lend her.

In Art I learned my taste was crude;
She liked—without a blush affirmed it—
Some shapely "study from the nude;"
"La Vérité toute nue" she termed it.

She then began to dub me "Toi,"
Or "cher ami"—a trifle colder—
She spoke about herself as "Moi,"
And learned to wink and shrug her shoulder.

How charmingly her form was clad
Before she copied Worth upon it!
With that her gown seemed color mad,
And, Silver Dollars! what a bonnet!

"Allez-vous-en!" she'd often cry
When, timidly, I tried to pet her;
In other days her pert reply
Of "You get out!" seemed vastly better.

Yet ah! that Fate her course should check!
For she "French leave" of me has taken;
Her French heel broke her Yankee neck,
She sighed "Mon Dieu!" and life was shaken.

Her ghost is now in Paris seen—
Where good Americans find haven—
Peace to her name!—'Twas Carrie Green—
And "Ci-gît" on her tomb is graven. E. A. C.

A BARN-YARD CONVENTION.

THE FOWLS and the domestic Animals were assembled together in the barn-yard. The Brahma Rooster announced that he had prepared a Scheme for their consideration, and he proceeded to explain it thus:

"The greatest Evil of our day," said he: "is the large and increasing number of Foxes. Our ranks are continually being depleted by these wicked Animals. They hover around ready to entrap the unwary; they annually destroy hundreds of our Young Men. They are the Overshadowing Evil of this otherwise first-rate country, and it is imperatively necessary that something be done. It would, doubtless, be eminently desirable to Exterminate them at one Swoop; but I have reliable information that this can not be done in the present condition of Society.

"Now, I wish to put the question to this Company whether it is their wish to do the Next Best thing. I know a way whereby we can destroy Four out of every Five of them, and prevent their further Increase. Ladies and Gentlemen, shall we take this Step? Let me know your pleasure."

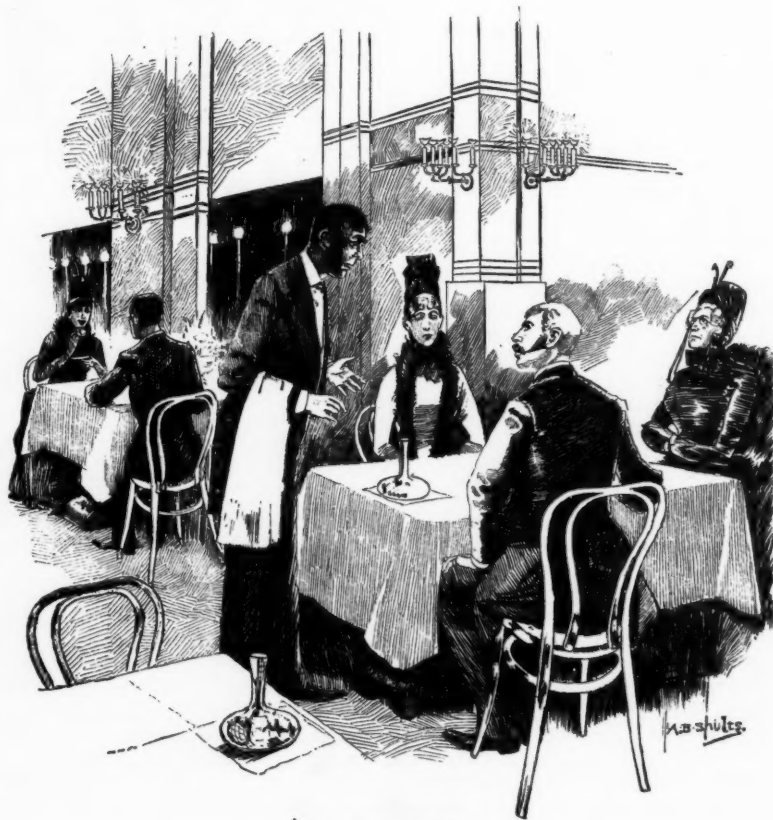
He had scarcely ceased speaking when a party of W. C. T. U. Geese began to Cackle their disapproval. With great Indignation they affirmed that Foxes were *Horrid Things*, and that, as for them, they would *never* consent to anything but the immediate expulsion of the Creatures from the face of the Earth.

An old Fox, who had been admitted in a spirit of fairness to tell his side of the story, remarked that he quite agreed with the estimable Ladies. Most of the other Animals present, among them the Pig, the Dog and the Cat, said that, as the Foxes did not bother Them much, they were Indifferent.

The Brahma thereupon announced that the Noes had it, and the Foxes would please Proceed as before.

MORAL.—Common sense in the Temperance Question does n't go.

MORRIS WAITE.



A QUESTION.

The proprietor of our leading café has succeeded in training his waiters almost to perfection; but when I order terrapin and yellow label after a theatre party, has this one any right to put on that look of ineffable surprise, because I prefer to vary the monotony of my usual cheese sandwich, once in a while?

HIS FATAL HUMOR.



"I would like to get something to do," exclaimed a middle-aged man, who looked as though he had seen better days, a morning or two ago.

"What can you do?" exclaimed the editor.

"Well, I can do almost anything, and I'm very willing."

"What was your last position?" asked the editor.

"I was assistant-editor of a medical journal."

"And how did you come to lose it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied the ex-medical editor: "I lost it through a combination of circumstances. I am a merry, light-hearted man, that can give and take jokes with any one. My sense of humor is so strong that I fear I shall be a life-long sufferer"—

"How did you come to lose the assistant-editorship?" broke in the editor.

"It was this way: In an unguarded moment I thought it would be a good idea to lighten up the columns with something pleasant. All professional men like professional jokes, and I thought if I could make the doctors laugh it would raise the circulation; so I said it would not be a bad scheme for the men in charge of the hospital ambulances to be supplied with skewers, to jab into the smashed-up people, to hold them together while on the way to the hospital. I also stated that, as a surgeon holds the knife in one hand, he might better balance himself and keep the patient steadier, by thrusting a carving-fork into him with the other. Then I went on to say that it would be a great novelty to take the temperature of every one in the hospital, aggregate them, and then average them. This was followed by a comic speculation as to how tracheotomy could be practised on a giraffe, and how a doctor would set to work, if he felt it necessary to resort to laparotomy, on discovering a fracture in the internals of a Waterbury watch. The editor-in-chief was sleeping off the Liederkrantz ball on the day I wrote the article, and, of course, it appeared."

"What was your position before going on the medical paper?" inquired the editor, without criticising his conduct on that journal.

"I was a sub-editor on an agricultural paper."

"How did you come to lose that?"

"Same reason," replied the stranger: "my love of humor got the better of me, and I inserted some bucolic reflections to amuse the farmer subscribers, thinking it would increase the popularity of the paper. I said that the best Irish moss grows on English jokes, and that the oyster plant raised in a hot-house should yield twice as many oysters as those raised in the open air. I also suggested that, instead of a man tramping through the fields scattering seed, it would be more economical to shoot it from the barn out of an air-howitzer, and that the surest way to raise pigs was by the tails. I spoke of the farmer addicted to apple-jack, setting his cowhide boots out in the orchard like eel-pots, and finding them full of rattlesnakes in the morning. Then I worked in a neat little bit of Chinese philosophy, by giving it as my opinion that apple-jack is the snake-root of all intemperance. Then I said something about beet-tops making a nice dish, and it was set up 'boot-tops,' as though I was chaffing the unsuspecting agriculturist. Then I alluded to the Irish potato, and said it did more to keep Ireland in an Irish stew than all its landlord and tenant troubles put together. I then told the farmer how Cincinnatus raised pork, and told him never to blow the gas out in a city hotel, never to look upon farming as a mere rutabagatelle, and wound up with this homely bit of advice:

"Be kind to the animals out on the farm,
Let them see a kind smile your face wreathing;
Oh, let the horse pause in the plough as he plods
Up the hill, for a moment of breathing;
Be kind to the rooster who's winning his spurs,
And be kind to the rake when it's teething."

"When the editor saw the article, he shook with fury, and I was at liberty."

"Were you engaged in journalism previous to your experience on the agricultural paper?" asked the editor.

"Before going on the agricultural paper," continued the applicant:

ANNOYING.

GUARD NO. 41144
(late Professor of Elocution, and speaking very distinctly).—Chatham Square! Change cars here for Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall! This train for South Ferry!

INTELLIGENT PASSENGER.—Does this train go to City Hall?



"I had a sort of nondescript position on the dock of an East River steam-boat line."

"What was the nature of your duties?" asked the editor, who perhaps thought the applicant might be available in writing up marine matters.

"My duties were numerous. I had to make out receipts, receive goods for shipment, and fix rates."

"How did you come to lose this position?"

"I will tell you briefly. The salt air made me so lively, or rather, had such an influence on my animal spirits that I was settled—yes, settled by my very activity. At dinner I ate more than four deck-hands, and made the steward my enemy, and when I went to hurl a rope to a deck-hand, I would generally knock him down with it, unless it went over his head. I used to spend a great part of my time in fishing for bergalls off the dock. Sometimes I would go right on with my angling, when a man was looking for me to pay a freight bill, because I was so deeply interested in fishing. I made a little four-liner to my favorite, as follows:

Of all the juicy, toothsome fish
That e'er is served upon a dish,
In stew or boil, or fry or bake,
The codfish takes the codfish cake.

I was finally dismissed for receiving fifty bags of bran in the rain. The dock was uncovered. They swelled up until they looked like a couple of hundred bags. On the very day I did this, I received the body of a dead major-general in a heavy shower, and let him soak. Then when it came to make a rate on him, I was touched by the tears of his daughter. I put him under the head of a barrel of apples, and shipped him up for a quarter. As I was flying through the door for liberty a day or

two later, I learned that three dollars was the rate; and I believe the company would have seized the deceased hero for payment if he had not been buried. Of course, I can not refer you—"

"That will not be necessary," broke in the editor: "we don't want references, as they will be totally unnecessary. You said when you came in that you could do almost anything?"

"I did."

"Then you should not be wanting a position. A man that is capable of doing anything ought to be rich."

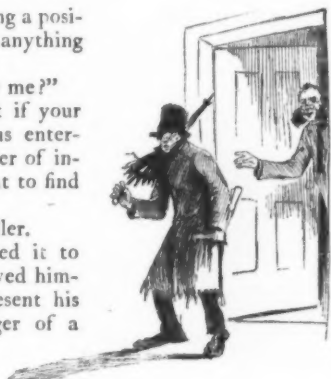
"Then you have no opening for me?"

"No," replied the editor: "but if your weakness seems to be turning serious enterprises into fun, I can give you a letter of introduction to an institution that ought to find you invaluable."

"Give it to me," replied the caller.

The editor wrote it and handed it to him, and a moment later he had bowed himself out, and was on his way to present his letter of introduction to the manager of a well known negro minstrel company.

R. K. M.





J. KEPPLER

HER TRUE K

| | | | |
|--|----------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| LOHENGRIN CLEVELAND, to the DEMOCRATIC ELSA: | | | |
| I will protect thee— | Strong through the people, | Be Thou but faithful, | Too true for misleading |
| To victory lead thee, | Fearless to serve thee, | Mindful of great things, | By those who would lure thee, |
| Strong in my purpose, | Fulfilling my mission. | True to thy pledges, | To certain destruction. |



TRUE KNIGHT.

TELAMUND HILL.
 This thing is getting
 Exceedingly shaky
 For me and my chances.
 Speak to me, Pulitzer,
 Faithful and foxy—
 Give me a pointer!

ORTRUD PULITZER.
 Dark is the outlook,
 Deucedly doubtful.
 Sure is his conquest
 If she is faithful.
 Unless we can tempt her—
 David, you're done for!

CHESS.

I. All the gamins the world, I think will meet
For how after hour in sail chance to sit,
Wide arena chance to show game or show
win.

II. I cannot think of a chess game—
That I should play and lose all your wit,
In defense and defense, with power, speed and craft,
For your King you must fight like a valiant knight.

III. Of course each endeavor to do to his best able,
And I wish if Miss Nell always plays "on the square"—
(Also, that the first set to seldom play fair!)
The known with Helen to sit at a chess table,
And note her shy moves and her innocent air,
And yet she seems to attack "shove board" or
I find myself punished in very short order.

IV. Oh! the days of old horse Cavalier and the Roundhead!
When a man had a chance to be foremost in fight,
And do battle most boldly for her and the right!
Oh! the days when the Kings and the castles abounded!
Oh! if she were a Queen and I were her Knight!

While I stand she said "Check!"—"I'll myself find;
But the game, while it lasted, left both of us blind."
J. B. M.

THE FIRST CLIENT.

HOW'DY-DO? My dear sir, how-ry-do?
Glad to see you! I'll draw—is the
subject?

"My business this morning with you—"
"Very well! But your case! I'll be happy
To consult you when you are through!"

"Here's the bill that you owe the sign painter—"
"Eh—'t is back in a minute or two?"

QUEEN'S YAKOW.

Answers for the Antions.

SCENE—Ship.

HARLEQUIN—She will see you further forth
ROCKY MOUNTAIN—You are considerably too deep
in it.

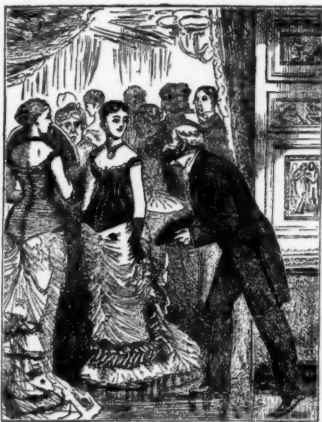
CARA—Oh! Super! How's your son in you. We'd like
to strike you with a goosequill, for that daring poem of
yours, we would.

EXTRACT—Yes, you do want a course of intellectual
discipline, you mean! have any doubt about it. The
kind you want is the variety known as "spoon." If you
could, without inconvenience to yourself, pass through a
sawage machine, or play accident with a bag of dynamite,
it might do you some good.

J. SCHNEIDER—When you're an old man, and
your white head is a crown of glory, being blind in the
way of righteousness, you will weep—very bitter tears—
over the misdeeds of that poem. You have sent us.
And you will be about right.

DOCTOR—No historical evidence survives. We don't
know when Aristotle was born. You can't imagine how
totally ignorant of all these things we are. We don't
know anything. We don't know when George Wash-
ington lived; we don't know who Homer was; we don't
know what happened in 1776. But we do know what
will happen in 1877, if you come in person to grapple
your conscience.

PUCK.



COSTUME CONTRITEMPS.
"None of the Old School (with no idea of the vagaries of modern fashion)!" "Tardon
me; I was not aware that this was the ladies' dressing-room!"—London Funny Folks.



TRAY TURNER REPEAT AGAIN.
"How long are you going to stay here?"
"Why, my little dear?"
"Come, I'm hungry and mama says we shall
have dinner as soon as that dreadful nuisance
goes away."



WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE.
"And you will not be mine until I have be-
come recovered?"
"Not until then."
"That's easy enough. But tell me, in what
profession would you like to have me dis-
tinguish myself?"
"Oh—any, say it all—as a life-long ex-
plorer, architect, jet-setter."

Two high-society little maidens were con-
tending as to the highest respectability of stand-
ing of their separate poems, when one sought to
cap the climax by the statement: "I'll have
you know that my pa is the president of a say-
ings bank, and there's been a receiver ap-
pointed. So there!"

BLACK care makes white hair.
SKEWED as it may appear, it is nevertheless
remarkable that bright-eyed Dick and dark
ideas should preside over the destinies of Mex-
ico at the same time. Quite a Mexico-incide-
ence.

PUCK.

IN THE INGLE-NOOK.



(Young Edmund Smythe has escorted Miss Marshall-Nell home from the theatre party, and has apparently taken her to his chair.)
MISS MARSHALL-NELL.—You don't know how much I enjoyed the play last night!

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TURKEY.—A THANKSGIVING FANTASY.



ORITHOLOGY has a prominent place in litera-
ture and a stronghold upon the human
fancy. The living strains of the night-
ingale long ago awakened a responsive
chord in the poet's heart; the powers
of the world have been duly celebrated, and
a bad story of him circulated upon the
"mighty dollar" the clarion-note of criti-
cism proclaimed that peace hath her vic-
torious and that another seat in Congress
has been lost; and the metropolitan mil-
lions, crowning or Homer, continue to
send forth singing banners. But, in this
field of Applied Ornithology, no bird more richly deserves to be lifted
up in glorious apotheosis than the turkey. The turkey—
that symbol of sublime and childlike martyrdom.

The turkey would be the perfect physical beauty, were it not
for its shapely head and graceful neck, marked by an ugly scrawny
neck banded down through generations of domestication. The ex-
cellent anatomical features of the bird have been much dissected and
admired. And here I should mention that the turkey wears a stomach
bagging like a bag of corn, and a carcase that is covered with
indigestion, and will still be in its prime.

Owing to this happy arrangement, turkeys should be singularly
light-hearted and free from morbid imaginings. But they are not.
They have an air of settled melancholy, as if dimly conscious of
an evil divination shadowing forth the frequency of the insipidous
turkey. They need not lie up in classical harpings or Baroque "An-
atomy of Melancholy" to dislike the appearance of a detached turkey-
vital. I maintain that turkeys are habitually sad, and that the gobble
self-complacent estimate for a still reaction.

There is a far-away look in the turkey's eyes as it stares at his
head above the tall weeds, and gazes regretfully at the falling landscape.
There is a tremor in her voice as she pipes her refrain. As she peers
through the haze of Indian summer into the dim vista of the future, her
mental horizon is darkened by the specter of an Ethiopian Nemesis—the
gloom; and as the brown leaves of November rustle past her, she mourn-
fully thinks of the time when she too will be upon a brown.

Follow me, my benighted readers! in the pursuit of the imagination,
and I will show you a picture whose dramatic pathos ought to convert
the most enthusiastic gourmand into an enlightened Grahamite.

See your graceful turkey after she has just reached the joyous freedom
of her turkeyhood. See her wistfully looking out from behind her
prison-bars like a Charlotte Corday. Does she not seem to pine for the
tender care of luxury Jenny at the farm? As she attempts to recom-
pense, see her fair, gently young neck lacerated by the wire of the
crowded market-coop which combines the salubrity of the Black
Hole of Calcutta with the incidents of the Brooklyn Bridge panic.

A moment of suspense—she thinks of her mother's wing, of her
indignity of being suspended by her right leg from the hand of the
market-woman. How it would wring Jenny's heart!

Notter her stately demeanor, as her public career is about to be
abridged by the manipulation of the domestic axe, or the thug-like
dexterity of the black priest of Epicurus. At the supreme moment,
see humbly bare that slender neck to the blade with the resigned
fortitude of a Marie Antoinette, and heroically submit to the amputa-
tion of her head—conscious that the bloody trophy will be quickly
tried by the terror, an interested and spell-bound spectator—con-
scious that her throbbing bosom will soon be food for ghouls!

A moment of suspense—she thinks of her mother's wing, of her
roasting-broth in the old cedar—of Jenny with her apron full of corn
—and then her disembodied ghost goes shivering out in the ether to
join the noble army of martyrs, and to pick up annual tid-bits from
the stable of the Elysian Fields.

See the truncated and desecrated corpse as it goes through the pest
factory—stages of cremation, and the ghastly deed consummated by
Thanksgiving orgy and then tell me, you weather-beaten, butchering
old Drab! if a few pangs do not punctuate the seas of your feelings.

If not may your heart remorselessly palpitate like a snare-drum under
the phantom strokes of a devoted
drum-stick, and may the "Gobble
Doo!" haunt you like the wail of a
Gibbet's wraith!

I would also protest against a style
of fiction which not only heartlessly
regards the fate of the turkey as a
matter of grim humor, but audaciously
makes a clean breast of it, and I
hope the regulation Thanksgiving
story of this season will now fall
flat.

PUCK'S THANKS.



TEN YEARS OF EVOLUTION.

Specimen Page of Puck, 1877.

Specimen Page of Puck, 1886.

BALLADE OF PUCK.—ON HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY.

I'M FEELING blithe and gay,
In dance I bend the knee
While singing like a jay:
"What fools these mortals be!"
I fly from sea to sea
And laugh and romp and play,
And murmur in my glee:
I'm ten years' old to-day.

I drive grim woe away,
Cause cark and care to flee
As doth a Henry Clay—
"What fools these mortals be!"
I'm sound from A to Z,
Probe shams without delay,
And snap my thumbs, care-free,
I'm ten years' old to-day.



The laurel and the bay,
Philosophers agree,
Are mine from May to May—
"What fools these mortals be!"
The sun shines bright for me,
I'm making lots of hay;
My soul's way up in G,
I'm ten years' old to-day.

ENVOI.

Prince, I grow like a tree,
For I have come to stay—
"What fools these mortals be!"
I'm ten years' old to-day.

PUCK'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to the fact that every issue of PUCK is specially
copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the re-
printing of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we can not permit
the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

ADVERTISEMENTS OR CHANGES of Advertisements for all but last Adver-
tisement page of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.
Forms of the last page are closed Thursday at 5 P. M.

OUR PATENT COVERS for FILING PUCK are simple, strong and easily used;
and preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them.

Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off
without disturbing the rest. Price, 75 cents.
By mail, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$1.

WE WILL SUPPLY subscribers and the trade in general with our handsome
cases, in dark-brown cloth and gilt, for BINDING PUCK in regular book-
form. This method enables subscribers to have their volumes bound in a uniform
and economical manner. These covers are finished, with regard to taste and dura-
bility, in a neat, substantial fashion. Any bookbinder will bind your volume of PUCK
in one of our covers at a nominal price. The cases hold one volume (26 numbers).
Price, 75 cents. By mail, to any part of the United States, \$1.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One Copy, for 13 weeks - 1.00

Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, Draft, Express Money Order,
or Registered Letter.

(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers - \$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers - 1.25

INCLUDING POSTAGE.

THIS ISSUE OF PUCK is not complete without the Illustrated Supplement—
"The Puck Building." Price, as usual, 10 cents.

PUCK THIS WEEK contains 28 pages.

THE DATE PRINTED ON THE WRAPPER of each paper denotes the time
when the subscription expires.

SOHMER & CO.'S PIANOS.

THE remarkable success which has attended the introduction and sale of these instruments is without a parallel. During the fourteen years that these Pianos have been manufactured, they have constantly occupied a prominent place in the front rank of instruments of their class, and may be found in happy homes throughout the length and breadth of the land. The secret of the unprecedented success of this Piano will be found in the fact that its manufacturers are practical workmen, and own several of the very valuable patents, the superior merits of which have made the Sohmer Piano unexcelled in the world. The "Little Bijou Grand," the latest production of this celebrated house, is a marvel of beauty and in richness of tone is unsurpassed. The New York Warerooms of the Sohmer are at 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, and will well repay a visit.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

1.
Write something none can understand,
And all who read will say "'tis grand!"
And upward turn their eyes and sigh,
And murmur: "this is poetry!"

II.
Write something that has no pretense
To anything but common sense,
A stanza brilliant, pungent, terse—
That, dear Sophronia, is verse!

—Boston Courier.

THE kid glove market is overstocked. This is rough on rats.—Rochester Post-Express.

Veuve
Clicquot
Champagne.

209



POETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

"Mary, which of the Poets do you admire most? Tennyson is my choice."
"Oh, pshaw, I'm practical; give me Morgan's Sapolio."

"BEG pardon, sir," he said, as he addressed a big man walking up and down the platform at Elmira the other day: "but is there talk of war in Europe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think there'll be a fight?"

"I do. In what way are you interested?"

"Well, my hens will begin laying next month and I want to know whether to sell for thirteen cents and take it out in store trade, or pack in salt and hold on for seventeen in cash. 'Scuse me, but I guess I'll pack."—Wall St. News.

FIVE natives of one of the South Pacific Islands were hanged for killing a missionary. They appear to be very strict in enforcing the game laws in that section. — Phila. Chronicle Herald.

DO YOU HAVE IT REGULARLY?
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

March Number, Now Ready.
Twenty-five Cents a Number. Three Dollars per Year.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 743 Broadway, New York.

For Gentlemen. Ask your retailer for the James Means' \$3 Shoe. Caution! Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the original \$3 Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp.

JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE.

Made in Button, Congress and Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort and appearance. Our celebrated factory produces a larger quantity of Shoes of this grade than any other factory in the world. Thousands who wear them will tell you the reason if you ask them. JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE for Boys is unapproached in Durability. If you want a pair of reliable Shoes at a low price, why won't you sit down now and send us a postal card, and let us tell you the whole of our story. We can do it in this small space. We will agree to place our shoes easily within your reach, in any State or Territory, if you will only send us your name and address, and mention Puck.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,
NO. 41 LINCOLN ST., BOSTON, MASS.



234

In 1822 the late Frederick Brown established the business of an Apothecary at 5th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, and in 1828 introduced to the public the article now known all the world over as—

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.

In 1864 he was succeeded by his eldest son and partner, who bears the same name, and who continues the business at the old location.

Fred: Brown's Ginger being a much prized remedy, is largely counterfeited and imitators are many.

Therefore, whenever you need
FRED: BROWN'S GINGER,

be sure you get THE GENUINE, and avoid the many worthless imitations which are usually offered, pushed and sometimes sold to unwary purchasers.

Fred Brown
Philada
Pa

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

747

Systematic and persistent Advertising, the sure road to Success in Business.

T. C. Evans' Advertising Agency
Is conducted on the Principle of Recommending to its Patrons such Papers as

Will Repay their Investment.

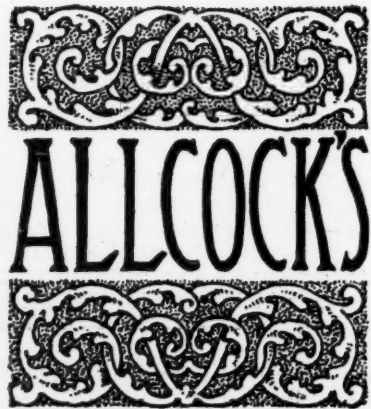
EVANS' ADVERTISING HAND BOOK.

(SIXTEENTH EDITION.)

Containing Classified Lists of all the Best Advertising Mediums in the United States and Canada, with Circulation, Rates and other valuable information mailed post free on receipt of 10c. Address,

T. C. EVANS, Advertising Agent,
394 Washington Street, Boston.

211



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, the recognized standard, is a well known, thoroughly tested, and successful remedy, which has been in daily use for over thirty years. Beware of imitations.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS,



designs. Catalogue free. Please mention PUCK.

Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smoking Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. 399 Broadway N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs. Catalogue free. Please mention PUCK.

THE BEST ACCIDENT INSURANCE!

THE OLD RELIABLE

United States Mutual Accident Association,

320 & 322 Broadway, New York.

TIME TRIED AND PROVED.

10 Years of Success.

Unrivalled for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of Claims.

Over a Million Dollars Paid in Losses.

No Losses Due and Unpaid.

Over 35,000 of the leading business and professional men are members.

NEW FEATURES.

- \$10,000 Death by Accident.
- \$10,000 Loss of Hands or Feet.
- \$10,000 " Hand and Foot.
- \$5,000 " Hand or Foot.
- \$5,000 " Both Eyes.
- \$1,300 " One Eye.
- \$2,500 " Permanent Total Disability.
- \$50 a week for Temporary Total Disability.

These amounts of Indemnity are provided by the Policies of

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

320 & 322 Broadway, New York.

At a cost to members in the "Preferred" occupations of about \$26 a year, which may be made in one payment, or in installments.

One-half or one-quarter of above insurance at proportionate rates.

MEMBERSHIP FEE, \$5.00 FOR EACH \$5,000 POLICY.

CHARLES B. PEET,
President.

JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary and General Manager.

215

OMAHA MAN.—What is the price of a parquet seat now?

TICKET SELLER.—Twenty-five cents.

"How about the balcony?"

"They are one dollar."

"Well, I won't bother about the expense. Give me a seat high enough up to see over the hats."

"Yes, sir; gallery seats are three dollars." —*Omaha World.*

OMAHA DAME.—I do wish I could afford to own a Meissonier. His pictures are so realistic.

CHICAGO DAME.—Realistic! Well, you just ought to see the picture I bought of a peddler last week. It's a sea picture. I showed it to Miss Boston, who called at our house, and now I would not part with it for any money. Realism is the thing, you know, now-a-days.

"Why, what did Miss Boston say?"

"She said it made her sick." —*Omaha World.*

Why weary your throat and patience with that wretched cough when a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you?

PEARS' SOAP

THE COMPLEXION CLEAR, AND THE HANDS AND SKIN SOFT. A VERY DURABLE SOAP.

PERFECTLY PURE SOAP. IT KEEPS THE PORES OPEN.

THE WORLD

IN PRAISE OF PEAR'S SOAP

I HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION

Madame Patti

ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 100 YEARS. INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

A BRIGHT HEALTHFUL SKIN AND COMPLEXION ENSURED BY USING PEAR'S SOAP.

AS RECOMMENDED BY THE GREATEST ENGLISH AUTHORITY ON THE SKIN, PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., PRES. OF THE ROYAL COL. OF SURGEONS, ENGLAND, AND ALL OTHER LEADING AUTHORITIES ON THE SKIN.

Countless Beauteous Ladies, including Mrs. Lillie Langtry, recommend its virtues AND PREFER PEAR'S SOAP TO ANY OTHER.

The following from the world-renowned Songstress is a sample of thousands of Testimonials.

Testimonial from Madame ADELINA PATTI.

"I HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION"

Pear's Soap is for Sale throughout the Civilized World.

PUCK ONE YEAR and
Patent Cover for Filing
PUCK - - - \$5.00

A BOSTON clergyman declares that "the toboggan slide is the broad road which leads to hell." That clergyman is not posted. The toboggan slide is not a "broad road." It is a rather narrow thoroughfare, and is never constructed long enough to lead there. After reaching the bottom, the tobogganer goes up, not down. — *Norristown Herald.*

MUSICAL advice for a slippery day—See sharp or you will soon be flat. — *Burlington Free Press.*

"BESSIE, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe it's the diploma."

"The what, child?"

"The diploma. I heard mother say that she took it at school." — *Philadelphia Call.*

Arnold,
Constable & Co.

SPRING STYLES.

French and English

DRESS GOODS.

Printed Challies.

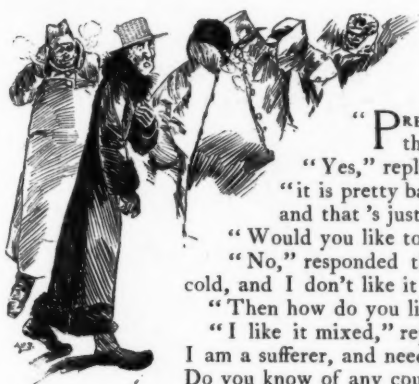
Broadway & 19th st.

New York.

THOUSANDS ATTEST TO THE CURATIVE POWER OF EDWARDS' WILD for the Nerves and Appetite. It will positively cure chronic diarrhoea, no matter how long standing. For sale by E. C. HAZARD & Co., JOHN MATTHEWS SODA-WATER CO., WILD CHERRY MANUFACTURING CO., Elizabeth, N. J., and all first-class Druggists and Grocers.



SOHMER & CO'S New York Warerooms: 149—155 East 14th Street.



HIS DOUBLE MALADY.

"PRETTY FINE WEATHER, EH?" said the brakeman.

"Yes," replied the sad man, reflectively: "it is pretty balmy for this time of the year, and that's just why I don't like it."

"Would you like to have it colder?"

"No," responded the sad man: "I don't like it cold, and I don't like it hot."

"Then how do you like it?"

"I like it mixed," replied the sad man: "because I am a sufferer, and need two climates to be all right. Do you know of any country having two climates?"

"No!"

"Do you know of any way in which I could be in two climates at once?"

"I do not," said the brakeman, who looked as though he imagined he was conversing with a lunatic.

"Well, neither do I," continued the sad man: "and that is just what makes me so blue and downcast. I am in very much the same position as my uncle, who was a proud-spirited man, and very fond of variety. He died of two diseases."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you," replied the nephew of the man whose love of variety was kindly catered to by the Fate that permitted him to die of two diseases: "my uncle had both heart and lung trouble, and he went to two specialists for advice. The lung man told him to drink plenty of rye whiskey, and he would be all right. The cardiac man told him that his heart was affected in a way that would make it an utter impossibility for him to drink alcoholic liquors and live. In fact, he said my uncle's safety depended almost entirely on his abstaining from strong drink."

"What did your uncle do?" asked the brakeman solemnly.

"He did n't know what to do for a long time. He knew if he did n't drink whiskey that his lungs would fade softly away from him, and if he fortified his lungs with this stimulant, it would prove disastrous to his heart. So he left whiskey alone, arguing that his heart was entitled to the preference, for the reason that while he had but one heart to his name,

he had two lungs. It was a most exasperating dilemma for my poor relative——"

"But what's the matter with you?" interrupted the brakeman, who seemed anxious to change the subject, which seemed to be a painful one, from his uncle to himself.

"My trouble is a very peculiar one. Several years ago I was stricken with pneumonia and left with weak lungs. The doctor sent me to a warm climate to brace up, and while in the tropics I kept out of doors as much as possible. One day I was sunstruck, and the warm weather had such an effect on my head that the tropical doctor sent me off post-haste to Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia fixed my head all right, but it raised ructions with my lungs. Then I went to Cuba and stayed a few weeks, and got my lungs in good trim. Then I flew back to Nova Scotia, because it was my head's turn to be treated. In the cold climate I wore an ulster and a straw hat, in the warm climate a duster and a cake of ice."

"How do you manage now?" asked the brakeman.

"In winter I sit in the house with my head out of the window, and in summer I sit in the cellar with my head in the refrigerator. At least, that is what I used to do before I got on to my present plan."

"What is your present plan?"

"It is to live in New York, because while there my head and lungs are all right."

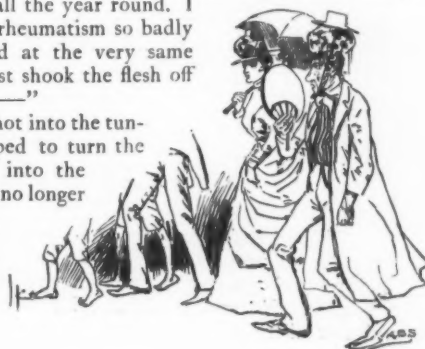
"I thought New York a pretty bad place for sick people?"

"Not with people with my troubles," said the sad man: "I want all kinds of weather mixed up, and New York is the only place where you can get winter and summer all the year round. I had another uncle who had rheumatism so badly that he could n't move, and at the very same time he had chills that almost shook the flesh off him in chunks. I tell you——"

But just then the train shot into the tunnel, and the brakeman jumped to turn the lights up. When they shot into the light again, the sad man was no longer sad, but was smiling pleasantly over the pages of

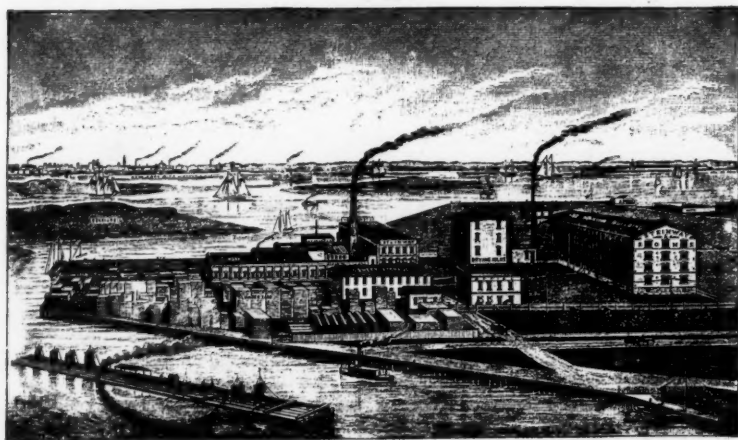
Puck's ANNUAL, where we will leave him, happy and contented.

R. K. M.

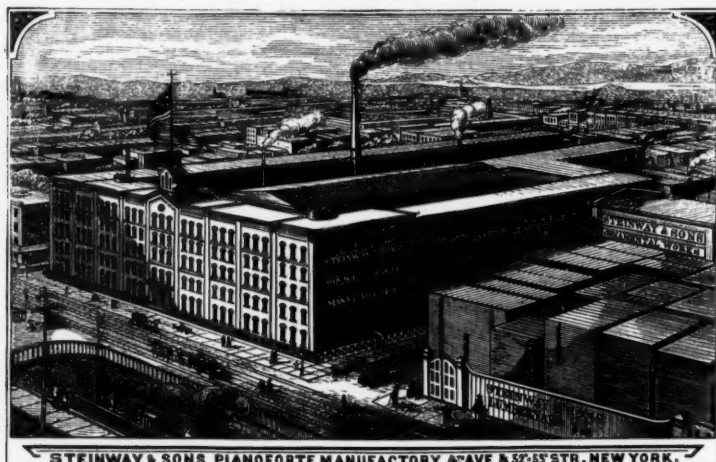


STEINWAY & SONS'

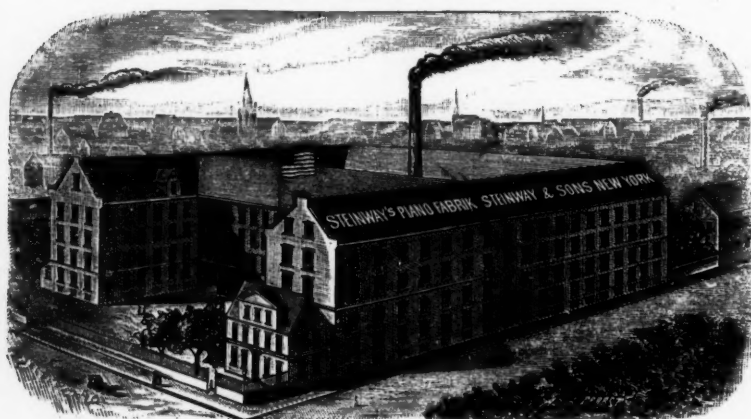
ESTABLISHMENTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.



STEINWAY & SONS' PIANO CASE AND ACTION FACTORY,
FOUNDRY, METAL WORKS, DRYING KILNS,
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARDS.
At "STEINWAY," ASTORIA, Opposite 120th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

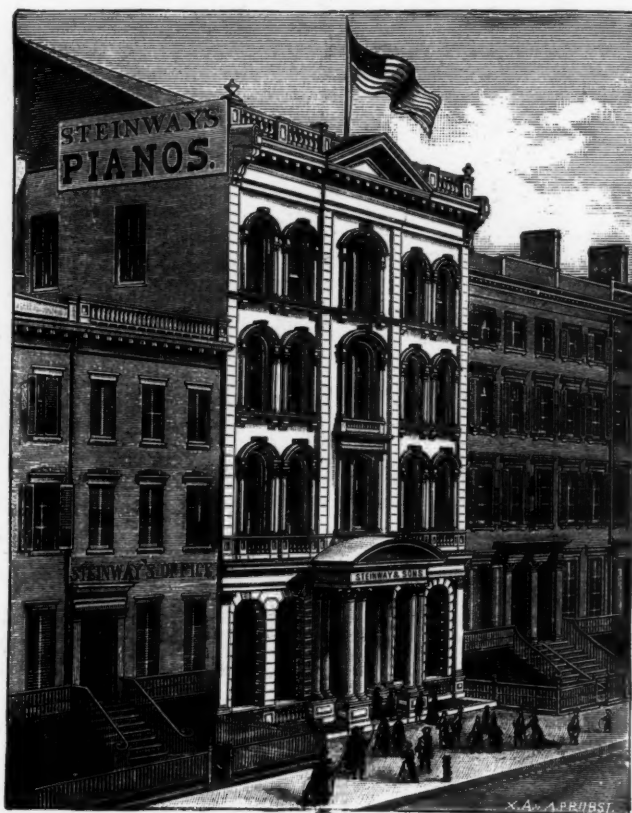


STEINWAY & SONS' PIANO-FORTE FINISHING
MANUFACTORY,
Fourth (Park) Ave. to Lexington Ave., 52nd to 53rd Sts.
NEW YORK CITY.



STEINWAYS' PIANOFABRIK,
Steinway & Sons' Branch Piano Factory and Warerooms, St. Pauli,
Neue Rosenstrasse, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24,
HAMBURG, Germany.

This extensive establishment was founded by Steinway & Sons in 1880, in order to properly supply the large and constantly growing demand for Steinway pianos throughout Europe, and to prepare the instruments for the humid European climate, Hamburg being a free port and unrivaled point of distribution.



STEINWAY HALL
and Pianoforte Warerooms, with adjoining building,
containing the Office, Nos. 107, 109 & 111 East 14th Street,
extending through to 15th Street, between Union Square
and the Academy of Music, NEW YORK.



STEINWAY HALL
with Concert Room and Steinway & Sons'
Pianoforte Warerooms, with the adjoining
building, containing the Office, Nos. 15 & 17
Lower Seymour St., near Portman Square, W.,
LONDON, England.



Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

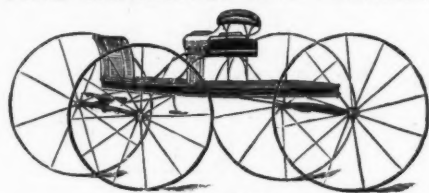
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

THE WHITNEY WAGON WORKS,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Manufacturers of

FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.



LITTLE GEM.

The finest riding and best selling Buckboard in the market. Send for Catalogue and Price-lists.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Handsome, Durable and Easily Adjusted (no Harness). Made to fit all Round, Square or Sloping Shoulders. The silk lacing avoids all straining on the shoulders or trousers. The most comfortable suspenders ever introduced. Carpenter's Automatic Lace Back-Brace, for sale by all first class dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. Patented in England, France, Canada and the United States.

C. C. Carpenter, Patentee & Maker.

557 & 559 Broadway, N. Y.



FOR A 2 CENT STAMP.



We will send a trial sample of Williams' Barbers' Bar Soap.

A sure cure for Chapped Hands.

Though a "Shaving Soap," it is unequalled for the Toilet. For sale by all druggists.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.
Costing less than one cent a cup.

CANDY

Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
Munsci Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

The Subscription-Price of PUCK is
FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.

OMAHA World MAN.—You are "Bloody Jim, the Western Terror," eh? Why, you and I went to school together, and you were the biggest coward in the whole town.

BLOODY JIM.—I am yet.

"I suppose, though, you have become a dead shot."

"No. I've got an old pistol, but I never load it, I'm afraid it might go off."

"Yet you make your living robbing stages?"

"Yes."

"How do you manage?"

"I tell 'em to halt, fork over, and they fork."

—Omaha World.

NAOMI was 580 years old when she got married, but "she got there just the same." Girls, paste this in your sky-scraping hats.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Will you please give me a water cocktail?" said the tramp.

"A water cocktail?" responded the bar-tender: "That's a new drink to me."

"Yes? It's made of Croton water and red pepper."—Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

YOUNG CLAMMY (with a tremendous idea of his conversational powers).—My mother will be down in a few moments, Miss Keene. Cawn't I entertain you until she comes?

MISS KEENE.—How good of you, Mr. Clammy. Will you be kind enough to watch my coachman out of the window, and see that he keeps his cape buttoned up tightly? The poor fellow is so delicate, you know.—Tid-Bits.

F. W. KINSMAN & CO.—GENTS: I HAD BEEN suffering many years of bronchitis and could not obtain any relief from a score of doctors I consulted. I was getting worse day by day and life was a burden to me. I was asked to try Adamson's Cough Balsam, and it is the only remedy that has ever relieved me, and I hope by its use to get entirely cured.—Capt. Beaver, Agent Manhattan R. R. Co., 125th St. and 3d Ave. Kinsman's, Cor. 25th St. and 4th Ave.



Nicoll
The Tailor.

Known throughout the States as the Leader of
Fashionable and Moderate Priced
CUSTOM TAILORING.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
WOOLENS.
ENDLESS VARIETY.

Suits to measure from \$20.
Overcoats " " 18.
Trousers " " 5.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules mailed on application.

145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and
771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

Mr. Joseph Keppler's celebrated water-color portrait of

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,

(from 10 color plates; the only portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which is drawn from life), 15 cents per copy, of all News-dealers, or by mail, on receipt of price, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

NEW YORK.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. C. B. SINGLET & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

A. WEIDMANN.

No. 306 Broadway, Corner Duane Street, New York.

Importer and Manufacturer of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and
other Material for Costumes, etc.



Print Your Own Cards!

PRESS, \$1; Circular size press, \$2; Newspaper size, \$4. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue press, type, cards, etc., to the factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Streets,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly Celebrated

BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN TYPE-WRITER EXCHANGE
164 LaSalle St. Chicago.
If you want to BUY, SELL or EXCHANGE, write.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P.O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N.Y.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.

(KIRGBAER LIQUEUR.)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway,
Cor. Prince Street NEW YORK.

Notable and Significant Items
FROM THE
FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
New York Life Insurance Company

A total income of over nineteen million two hundred thousand dollars, and payments to policy-holders of nearly eight million dollars.

Interest income over three million seven hundred thousand dollars, being over 5½ per cent. on average net assets, and over nine hundred thousand dollars in excess of death-losses paid.

Market value of securities over three million six hundred thousand dollars in excess of their cost.

Liabilities, both actual and contingent, provided for, and a surplus of over fifteen and a half million dollars by the State standard.

AN INCREASE of over three million dollars in income, over two millions in surplus, over eight millions in assets, over sixteen millions in insurance written, and of over forty-four millions of insurance in force—OVER THE FIGURES OF THE PRECEDING YEAR.

Over three hundred million dollars of insurance in force, January 1, 1887.

Summary of Report.

BUSINESS OF 1886.

Received in Premiums \$15,507,906.04
Received in Interest, Rents, etc.. 3,722,502.24

Total Income \$19,230,408.28

Paid Death-claims..... \$2,757,035.97

Paid Endowments..... 569,075.01

Paid Dividends, Annuities, and for Policies Purchased..... 4,311,119.11

Total Paid Policy-holders.. \$7,627,230.09

New Policies Issued..... 22,027

New Insurance Written..... \$85,178,294.00

CONDITION JAN. 1, 1887.

Cash Assets..... \$75,421,453.37

* Divisible Surplus, Company's Standard..... \$8,080,527.25

† Tontine Surplus, Company's Standard..... 4,176,425.25

Total Surplus, Co's Standard \$12,256,952.50

Surplus by State Standard (4½ per cent.)..... \$15,549,319.53

Policies in Force..... 97,719

Insurance in Force..... \$304,373,540.00

PROGRESS IN 1886.

Excess of Interest over Death-losses Paid..... \$965,466.27

Increase in Income..... 3,109,235.54

Increase in Surplus, State Standard..... 2,334,972.59

Increase in Assets..... 8,557,132.05

Increase in Insurance Written..... 16,856,842.00

Increase in Insurance in Force .. 44,899,040.00

* Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.

† Over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.

THE NEW YORK LIFE ISSUES A Greater Variety of Policies

THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY,

Thereby adapting its contracts to the largest number of people. It has lately perfected a return-premium feature, under which many of its policies are issued with

Guaranteed Return of all Premiums Paid, in addition to the Amount Originally Insured, in case of death during a specified period.

The returns on the New York Life's Tontine Policies that have matured have been

Larger than those of any other company (whether Tontine or Ordinary), comparison being made between policies taken at same age and premium rate, and running through the same period of time.

Do not insure until you have seen full particulars of the New York Life's Policies. Do not fail to write the nearest Agent, or the Home Office, for such particulars—at once.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

346 & 348 Broadway, New York City.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.

ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-Pres't

RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier. D. O. DELL, Supt. of Agencies.

A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.

LADIES' bonnets are having an occasional night off at the theatres now.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Claremont Colony in Virginia is growing very rapidly. Send for free circulars and illustrated maps. J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va.

"Goodwin's Improved Book-keeping and Business Manual" is the only book from which a person can obtain a thorough knowledge of Book-keeping without taking private lessons; it is of equal interest to experienced book-keepers and business men; 16,845 copies sold to February 23, 1887; price, \$2; send for circular. J. A. GOODWIN, Book-keeper; 1,215 Broadway, New York.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN's arm is improving, and it is thought he will be able to resume his literary labors soon.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

PIANO MUFFLER.

Remarkable Success!! DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS

Probably never since the invention of Belts and Supporters has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Belt. Over seventeen thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in the Head, Hips, Back, or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, and Impaired Circulation.

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro magnetism acts quickly; generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They

The following are representative Testimonials of the thousands we are receiving.

2121 Henrietta St., Phila.
Dr. Scott: Your belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys, which medicine had failed to help.
W. H. UPJOHN.



These Belts are for sale at drug stores, but if not in your immediate vicinity, send direct to Dr. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

Each is stamped with the name Paul Mall Electric Ass'n of London.

are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

Price \$3 on Trial.

We will send either Gent's or Lady's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of \$1, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, Cor. 13th Street, New York. For sale at all drug stores. Take none but Dr. Scott's Genuine. See name on the box and belt. Always mention this paper.

Call and examine our goods, Cor. Broadway and 13th St., over Star Theatre.

Robinson Bank, Robinson, Ill.
The sixth Belt received, and is satisfactory. Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles, and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.
A. P. WOODWORTH, Cashier.

EXTRA FINE SILK ELECTRIC BELTS, \$5. Dr. Scott's Electric Suspensory, the Genuine Article, \$5.

Baltimore, Md.
Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.
L. H. MILLER, East Berlin, Penn.

Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgia affecting the chest.
B. SELL.

Cedar Falls, Ia.
This Belt has done me more good in a short time than all the medicine I ever took.
E. W. MEADE.

Houston, Mich.
Dr. Scott's Electric Belt has cured my brother of severe back-ache from which he has suffered eight years. My father, 70 years old could not walk 10 yards; after wearing the Belt one month, he

walked nine miles without resting. Your goods are thoroughly reliable.
ALBERT KRUG.

Peoria, Ill.
I suffered from kidney, liver, and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my Neuralgia.
C. W. HORNISH.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets cure and prevent sickness, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CHEST PROTECTOR, \$3.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC INSOLERS, 50 CTS.

10,000 agents wanted, quick sales, liberal pay, satisfaction guaranteed.

AMERICA'S GREAT BREWERIES.

The Manufacture of Beer Becoming One of the Leading Industries.

Official Reports of the Sales of the Four Largest Breweries in America.

Our nation, though one of the youngest on the globe, is like a giant, and fast outstripping the older nations of Europe in every thing that tends to the growth of national wealth. The manufacture of Lager Beer has grown and developed from very small beginnings into an immense industry, and now bids fair to lead Europe in this branch, thus forcing the old renowned breweries of England and the continent from their proud positions, which they have maintained for centuries.

The following figures are taken from the official report of the Revenue Department:

| | Annual Sales. | Stock on Hand '87. |
|--|---------------|--------------------|
| Anheuser-Busch Brewery, St. Louis..... | 379,287 Bbls. | 98,936 Bbls. |
| Empire Brewery of Milwaukee, Phil. Best Brew. Co., Prop. | 347,410 " | 85,524 " |
| Jos. Schlitz Brewery, Milwaukee | 319,835 " | 70,077 " |
| Geo. Ehret, New York..... | 311,337 " | 52,741 " |

The official figures show that ANHEUSER-BUSCH, of St. Louis, increased their sales 61,000 barrels against the preceding year, which is the largest increase of business ever made by a brewery, explained by the fact that this Company has built up a great export trade, American beer being now drank in the five parts of the world, successfully competing with European brands and constantly gaining ground. This fact alone speaks volumes for the superiority and excellence of ANHEUSER-BUSCH beer.



J. O'HARA, LITH. FROM PUCK, N.Y.

THE ERA OF PROGRESS IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.
CHORUS OF OLD FAVORITES.—There does n't seem to be any future for us



ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT TO PUCK,
No. 521, March 2nd, 1887.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
NEW YORK.

I.

THE BEGINNING OF PUCK.



TEN YEARS AGO, from a dingy old brick building on the spot where the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge crosses North William Street, Puck first smiled upon the world in raw and bleak March weather.

That was the beginning of Puck, and the manner of his having a beginning at all was thus: Some years earlier, Mr. Joseph Keppler had varied the monotony of portrait-painting for the good people of St. Louis by publishing a small and unostentatious sheet called Puck, full of local humor and lithographic squibs. The paper lived for two years. It died, Mr. Keppler has always maintained, of too much success; but this seems to be doubtful. Perhaps it departed because the business-manager was not as able as the artist. At any rate, it was so successful, while it was successful, that Mr. Keppler cherished the

idea of doing it again under more favorable conditions. He found these while he was drawing cartoons for *Frank Leslie's*, in this city; where he met Mr. Adolph Schwarzmänn, one of the guiding spirits of *Frank Leslie's Illustrierte Zeitung*. Mr. Schwarzmänn went to 13 North William St. to set up his own printing office, and there Mr. Keppler followed him. They associated with them Mr. Leopold Schenck, a writer of great power and brilliant attainments, whose death, 1886, was sincerely and deeply mourned by those who had worked by his side for almost a decade. The first issue of the German Puck appeared in September, 1876, with lithographic cartoons printed in plain black on the press of Mr. Ottmann, who was then the junior partner in a small firm with a long name, over in Church Street. It was immediately a success, and the English Puck followed it, a second experiment, in March, 1877, and was not immediately a success.

Much as the brightly colored cartoons were admired by those who saw them, there were few people who would, on learning that a new humorous paper was in existence, take the trouble to purchase and examine the new applicant for public favor. Humorous papers had always been failures in this country. The fate of *Vanity Fair*, *Mrs. Grundy*, and the later *Punchinello*, was fresh in general memory. The idea that a journal of the sort could be a success

met only with icy and unremunerative scepticism. As people became acquainted with Puck, they learned to like him; but they were very slow in making his acquaintance.

In truth, Puck was a hard baby to bring up, and he would not have worried through his first year if it had not been for the aid of his stouter brother, the German. The oracular authorities of newspaperdom gave him up at once, and prophesied that he would soon join the column-and-a-half list of deceased "Comic Weeklies" which Mr. Brander Matthews had just compiled for a local journal. Yet he lived on, and grew in popular favor, and is here to-day in his own home.

The home was designed by Mr. Albert Wagner, and a brief de-

scription of it is appended to this sketch. It stands at the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets, and is 140 feet long by 120 wide, and 110 feet in height—a snug little affair of seven stories.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a few observations on the changes which have taken place in our society during the past ten years. The reader will see that the conditions under which Puck was first published differ widely from those of the present day. Puck in 1877 was looked upon as quite a marvel of illustrated journalism. Yet it was a very different Puck from Puck No. 521. The cartoons were colored in flat tones from wooden blocks. The colors varied in latitudinal strips, and at this people wondered much. Inquiring folk found that this effect was produced by dividing laterally the trough or "fountain" which fed the ink-rollers, and filling the resultant compartments with inks of different colors. Later on, this "iris print" was done wholly on the lithographic press, and grew into the elaborate system by which our cartoons are now produced. Puck No. 1 had one color-print. Puck No. 521 has five.

23 Warren Street.

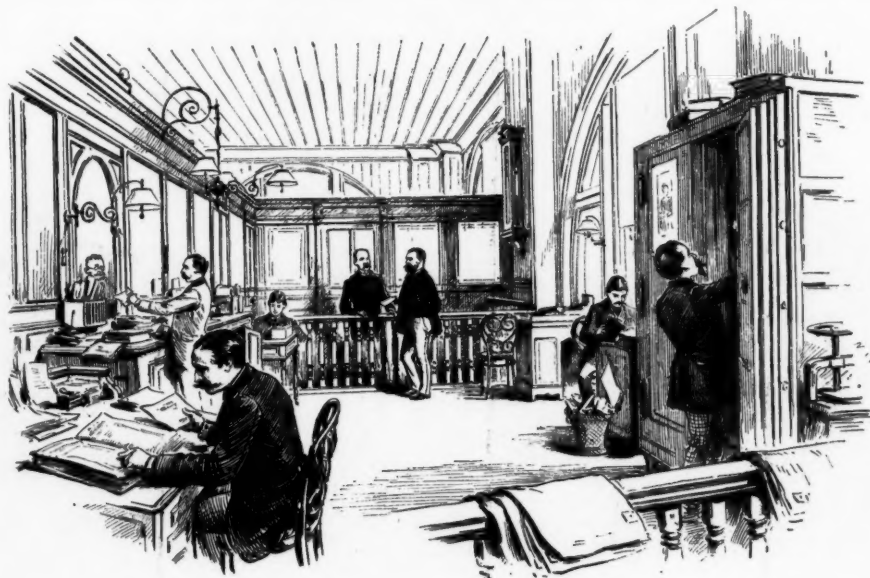
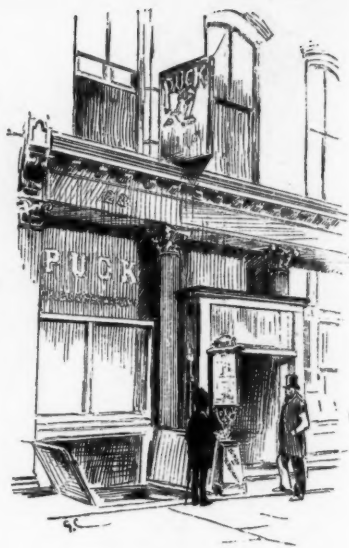
The "inside" of Puck was a broad expanse of reading-matter, rarely relieved by illustrations. It was mostly of the "acrobatic" style introduced by the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Danbury News*. That was the popular taste at the time. There was a rage all over the country for stories about men who put up stove pipes and tumbled off step-ladders, men who slipped on cakes of soap and slid down the stairs, or on banana-peels and slid down the street. The funniest humorist was he who could make his man fall down the hardest and the most frequently.

Well, Puck was up to the times.

For illustrations on the "inside," Puck had often to turn to the European

papers. Mr. Keppler drew at least two, and often three of the large cartoons, and of course had little time for other work. Comic artists were few and far between, ten years ago, and it must be admitted that many of them were comic beyond their own desires. But in 1879 Mr. James Albert Wales came to help Mr. Keppler, followed in 1880 by Mr. Frederick Burr Oppen, these two heading the long line of able artists whose work has adorned the pages of Puck.

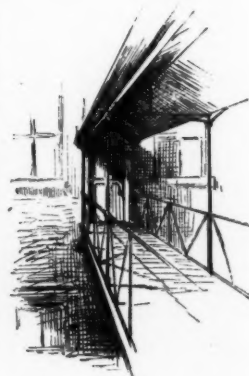
By the end of Puck's first year, his establishment had grown so large that it pushed across the street into No. 8. Even here there was not room, after a while, and in 1880 Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmänn went across town to the large building 21-25 Warren Street, where they formed an alliance with Mr. Jacob Ottmann that is still unbroken. This, it was thought, would be Puck's permanent home, but the business still grew, and floors were leased in adjoining premises on Warren and Murray Streets, until twenty-two in all were in active use. Here is the "Bridge of Sighs" by which the editorial rooms in Murray Street were reached by the poet who gained admission at the Warren Street entrance. This, however, was the limit in that crowded down-town region, and it became evident that Puck must have a home of his own.



Counting-room, New Puck Building.



13 North William Street.





II.

PUCK'S NEW HOME.

IN 1885 THE LOT occupied by the house or the Sisters of Charity, at the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets was purchased, and Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmann and Ottmann joined in the erection of the new Puck Building. Houston Street marks the southernmost boundary of a region much affected by large publishing houses, and the Puck Building is the largest among these, being rather longer than the great DeVinne structure in Lafayette Place.

The visitor who, having come two short blocks distance eastward from Broadway, finds himself in front of the Puck Building, may, if he wants to have an oil-painting or a water-color sketch reproduced by lithography, or if he wants to give an order for a million of fancy calendars, enter the door on the ground floor at the corner, and transact his business in Mr. Ottmann's large counting-room. But if his visit is to Puck, he will go up the broad flight of stairs to his right, and at the head he will find himself in a broad lobby or passage-way, with a sunny, glass-walled business office to his left. Here, if he wishes to buy a Puck, or even two Pucks, his desires will be gratified by some member of the efficient staff of Puck's energetic and able cashier, Mr. Wimmel. But if he would see "how the paper is made," he must turn to his right, and enter a door over which is the simple yet comprehensive announcement:

INFORMATION.

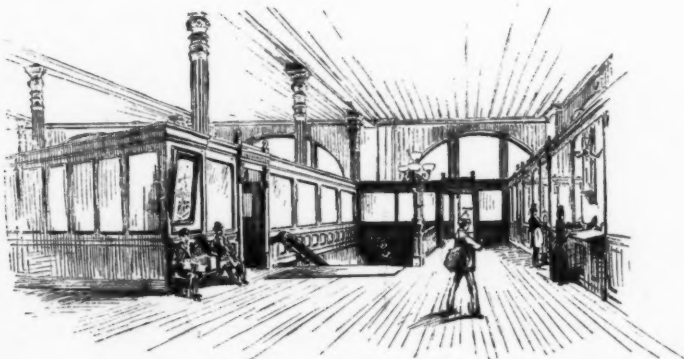
This does not mean that by passing through that magic portal he may learn who wrote the letters of Junius, or what was the name of the modest person in the metal mask. It is not intended to assist persons



Counting Room of
J. Ottmann.

whose early education has been neglected. But experience has taught us that when a stranger enters a newspaper office, he is extremely likely to stand still, open his mouth, and stare aimlessly and vacantly about him in a way that must be agonizing to him, and certainly is irritating to the beholder. He does not know just whom he wants to see, or where to find him. Therefore, in our reception room we have placed a courteous gentleman whose mission it is to dispose of the stranger kindly but firmly.

It is you who have called, let us say, and you have permission—never before granted to anyone—to see for yourself how Puck is "made," from beginning to end of the process.



III.

THE LIBRARY.

You pass first into a large, gas-lit room, where on shelves and drawers are stowed Puck's books of reference, and, more important still, his prints of reference.

The requirements of the cartoonist are many, and he is always in a hurry. If he has to draw an effective little allegorical sketch of a penguin stealing a Hottentot's dinner, to illustrate a profound moral truth, and has forgotten for the moment—he generally *has* forgotten—just how penguins and Hottentots are in the habit of appearing, he applies to the librarian, who promptly produces trustworthy pictures of both of these interesting characters. The artist has no time, on a weekly paper, to run up to the Park to make a study of the penguin, or down to Africa to sketch the Hottentot from nature.

Here also are the portraits of all the prominent men and women in the world—photographs, engravings, pencil sketches.

We have no idea how many of these prints of all kinds are laid aside in their appropriate portfolios; but the collection is the growth of ten years, and contains many thousand prints.

The library is the only dark room in use in the whole building—if we except the apartment technically so-called and appropriated to the use of the photographer on the fifth floor, whose art is called upon to aid in the elaborate processes of modern lithography. Every other part of the building is flooded with light from large windows, and the upper floors are practically better, for working purposes, than those occupied by the business offices and editorial rooms. All are equally well ventilated and heated.



IV.

CARTOONS.

From the library you step out into a long, narrow corridor, running from Mr. Schwarzmann's cozy little office at the sunny end of the front to Mr. Keppler's spacious work shop and reception-room, lit only by the



cold, true north light which best suits the draughtsman and the painter. Between these extremes, on the opposite side of the corridor, lie the *ateliers* of Puck's artists, neatly partitioned off in light wood and glass. First from the corner is Mr. Shults, then comes Mr. Taylor, then Mr. Dalrymple, and next to Mr. Keppler is Mr. Oppen's room. But most of the editors and the artists are now in the westernmost apartment, which serves as a council-chamber for the conclave that meets every week to decide on the cartoons for the next issue. This conclave is a most democratic assemblage. The will of the majority rules, and is cheerfully acquiesced in, even after warm and prolonged discussions.

It may fairly be said, without disparagement of the artist's skill, that most of the work that goes to the making of a cartoon is done before the cartoon is drawn. In the first place, the topic must be selected; and it calls for experience and judgement to determine which of the many questions of the day will be uppermost in the public mind when the next week's Puck is published. Then, this much settled, comes the more vexatious matter of finding a good cartoon idea. It must be an *idea*—a clear pictorial presentation of the point to be made; something that tells its story at sight, and is rigorously logical in its application, direct and indirect.

The conclave is a good place for the abasement of unwise vanity and the disciplining of over-proud spirits. Suggestions that do not meet with the approval of the majority are ruthlessly rejected—without thanks. Sometimes a dozen schemes are tried and found wanting before one finds general favor. But it is noteworthy that when the right note is struck at last, it meets with almost instant acceptance. Then follows a long discussion of the details of the picture—no trifling thing, either; for the analogy to be expressed in the picture must be so full and clear as to disarm adverse criticism.

And then the artist begins his work by making a "lay-out." This is a rough, tentative sketch, aiming only to fix the composition of the picture. The pose of a single figure may be essayed four or five times; and only the practised eye can make anything out of the tangle of false and true lines. This is subjected to the criticism of the conclave; alterations are suggested and made, if so decreed, or perhaps the "lay-out" is

made all over again. At last, however, it passes muster, and then the artist begins to work on the lithographic stone.

This is a slab of a certain limestone, imported from Germany. It is generally from three to four inches thick, and of a superficial area somewhat larger than that of the picture to be drawn. This surface takes a high, hard polish, even and satin-like. The color is a creamy gray. First the artist makes a faint tracing of his sketch upon the stone, to guide him in his subsequent operations. Then he draws his picture—from one to two days' work—with lithographic crayon, putting in his outlines with lithographic ink. Both of these vehicles are dense and oily, and adhere closely to the stone.

The principle of lithography is simple. When the drawing is made, a weak mixture of nitric acid and gum arabic is spread over the stone. This eats off every particle of the polished surface, except where the lines of the oily drawing resist the acid. This leaves the drawing in slight relief. Wherever there is no drawing, the surface is porous and absorbent. It is moistened with water; a soft roller covered with printing-ink is passed over it, and the printing-ink adheres to the drawn lines, rejecting

the wet surface. Then you have only to press a sheet of white paper upon the stone to take off an impression of the picture.

Of course, all this work of printing is done by a steam-press, and with remarkable rapidity. But this is the simple principle which underlies any method of application. Now comes down Becker, the handsome giant whom Mr. Keppler has sketched. He tosses on his shoulder a 150-pound stone as easily as you might lift a sofa-cushion, and off he marches with it to one of the great elevators in the back of the building, whereon he is hoisted to the transfer-room on the sixth floor. Here, by a simple process, a very faint reproduction of the original picture is made on as many other stones as the artist needs for his color-printing. These reproductions are, like the earlier tracing, intended only as a guide or gauge for the artist.

The color-stones thus prepared are sent down stairs again, and the artist proceeds to "make his tints." He selects a stone for the gray that is to appear in the picture, and, following the faint and shadowy lines on the stone, he redraws—again with the lithographic crayon and lithographic ink—all those parts which are to be gray when the cartoon is printed. Then on the "red stone" he draws the bits that are to be red. On the "flesh stone" he draws over the faces and the spots where the flesh tint is to be combined with gray or with some other color, to produce a third tint. Thus he proceeds with each stone that he needs.



Ottmann's Press-room.

*The Black Stone.**The Red Stone.**The Blue Stone.*

We show here, to make this description more clear, greatly reduced copies of the stones used to print Mr. Taylor's front-page cartoon in No. 517.

Down comes the mighty Mr. Becker once more, and up go the stones to Mr. Ottmann's press-room, where they are handed over to Mr. Kahnis, the foreman—he who faces you on the right-hand side of the cut. The artist follows close behind, to tell Mr. Kahnis the exact tint he requires for each stone. Kahnis mixes his pigments, and produces tint after tint until the right shade is produced in every instance, and then the cartoon goes to press.

That is to say, it goes to press for a proof. There is a press for each stone, and a sheet of paper goes first—for instance—to the press where the "gray stone" is, and gets an imprint of what is to be gray. Then the red is printed; then the blue; then the flesh; and lastly the black, and the cartoon is made. But this, as we have said, is only a proof. Down-stairs it goes, and the conclave sits on it, and it is proposed that this tint shall be made more bright, and that more dark; that this color shall be changed altogether, and that "scraped" or "etched" out here and there. Then come more proofs, until the cartoon is pronounced "all right," and printing is begun in earnest.

*The Flesh Stone.**The Gray Stone.*

ty, turning off show-cards, labels, bill-heads and lithographs generally, of all sorts, sizes and styles. Here are produced the exquisite plates published by the *Art Amateur*, and here were made the reproductions of Henry Mosler's famous advertising oil-paintings, reprints which are supposed to be the most perfect imitations of original brush-work ever made.

V.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CARTOONS.

Take up an uncut copy of Puck, and you will find that it is printed on two sheets of paper, four pages on each sheet. One of these sheets is covered entirely with cuts and reading matter. The other is thus printed on one side, the cartoons appearing on the other. They are folded together so that the cartoons come in their proper place, and stitched at the back. Then the edges are cut off, and you may turn your Puck over from page 1 to page 16.

*The Artist at Work.*

This is a rough and incomplete sketch of the process of cartoon-making and cartoon-printing; but it gives only a hint of the enormous amount of thought, work, care and vigilance that alone can make the task successful. When it is remembered—to consider one single small detail—that the spot of red on the tip of John Bull's nose must fall exactly in the proper place, and not the fiftieth part of an inch to the right or to the left or above or below; that all the color-stones must give their print in exactly the same relative position to the print of the black or main stone, some idea may be formed of the accuracy needful in this one item of adjustment—or, as it is technically called, "registering."

It is not Puck's cartoons alone that are printed in Mr. Ottmann's huge press-room. Puck employs, during the three days that are required to print his pictures, from sixteen to twenty presses. But there are twenty-four presses on this floor—more, probably, than are used by any one house anywhere else in the world. All of the twenty-four are in constant activi-

*Polishing the Stones.*

The sheet that is all "letter-press" is printed in Puck's press-room, at the same time that the cartoons are printed in the lithographic press-room. Then down to Puck's press come the sheets with the cartoons on

one side of them; and on the other side Puck's presses print the black-and-white pages.

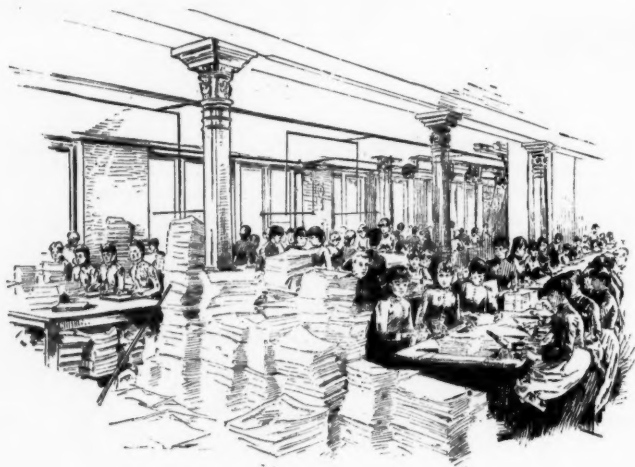
About these black-and-white pages we will tell you presently; but now we have to follow the course of the copy of Puck that goes in loose sheets to the bindery. There a small army of deft-fingered young women seize upon these sheets, fold them into their proper shape, stitch them at the back, and send them to the trimmers' to be cut down on three edges, so that neither the paper-knife nor the clumsy forefinger need spoil the buyer's Puck for him.

Now the papers are finished, and they go down to the mailing-room, to be bundled up for circulation by the news-company, or wrapped up to be mailed to Puck's subscribers. The wrapping up is done in the old-fashioned way, with sheets of brown paper; but the addressing is done by machine.

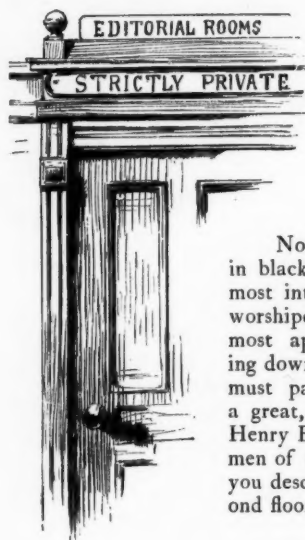
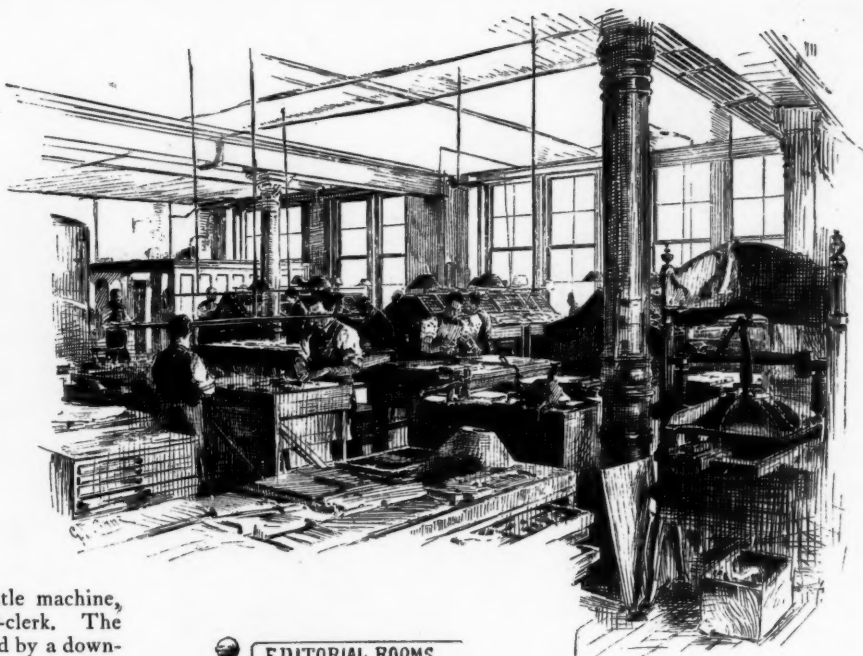
All the addresses are printed thus, by the hundred, on large sheets of yellow paper:

JCCutler 80 Dec 85
SAPPORO Japan 611

These sheets are fed into an ingeniously constructed little machine, in a triangular case, held upon the right arm of the mailing-clerk. The machine spreads paste upon the back of the sheets, and, urged by a downward motion of the operator's arm, cuts off one address-label at a time, and slaps it down vigorously upon a wrapped, paper placed, so to speak, under its nose. The labeled papers are cast into U. S. Mail-bags, and packed off to the post-office. Thus, if you are a subscriber, you get your Puck.



Ottmann's Bindery.



V.

THE "INSIDE."

Now for that part of Puck which is printed in black on white paper—the part which is of most interest to all the ambitious humorists and worshipers of the lighter Muse—the part which most appeals to the "gentle reader." Coming down from the lithographic department, you must pass through Puck's Composing-Room, a great, bright apartment, ruled over by Mr. Henry Eger and Mr. Carl Schweizer, the foremen of the German and English editions. Hence you descend into a long passage-way on the second floor that brings you to a door inscribed:

"STRICTLY PRIVATE."

This is the portal of Fate, that opens upon the editorial department. Looking down, as you swing it back, you see a long hall, with so many doors on one side of it that you might well think you were about to inspect the fifty chambers of Priam's palace.



Puck's Press-room.



THE NORTHERN END of the corridor is allotted to the German editors. Further down, where the sun shines in over the low roofs of Mulberry Street, are the rooms of Puck proper. At the further end is the room of Mr. Bunner, the Editor. Then comes an apartment where the lightsome fancy of Mr. Mun-
kittrick finds space to vault in. Next is the room where sits Mr. W. C. Gibson, whose signature gladdens the hearts of accepted contributors, and casts a gloom over the souls of the "unavailable."

The young writer whose work is rejected has commonly a great deal to say about editorial Rings, and conspiracies to crush new men. If such direful combinations exist—and we know not of them—they have no part or lot in the editorial office of Puck. The Editor is only too glad to welcome new names and fresh ideas; and he is only too rarely gratified. Every communication that is sent to Puck, and that possesses the faintest glimmer of merit, comes under the Editor's eye. Large as is the daily mail, it is usually disposed of before the sun reddens the western horizon, and each person who has sent a manuscript or a sketch receives one of these three printed forms:

☞

.....
Your contribution,
is accepted for, and will appear, as soon as we can
find room for it. Check will be sent you by mail, on publication.
With thanks for your courtesy,
EDITOR PUCK.

☞

.....
We hold your MS. subject to your orders, and will return it
on receipt of stamps for postage.
Yours truly,
EDITOR PUCK.

.....
The Editor of PUCK regrets that he cannot make use of this MS.,
which is returned with thanks.

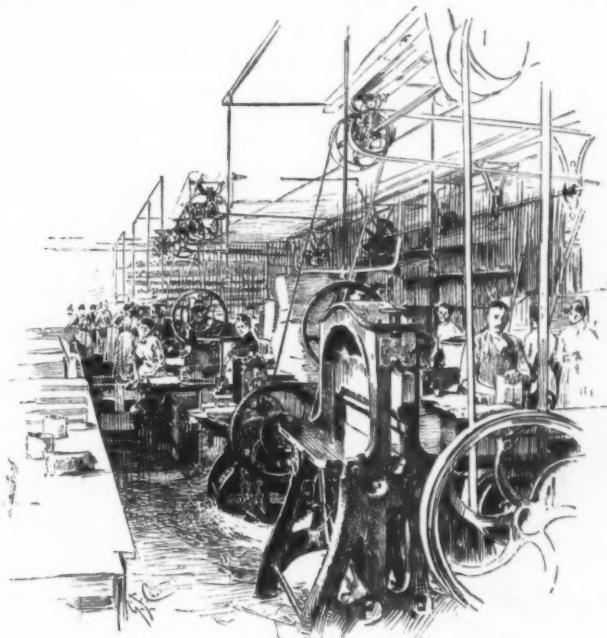


We are sorry to say, however, that the two latter forms are most frequently used. Any unaccomplished man will admit that he can not sing, that he can not play the piano, that he can not paint pictures, that he can not smoke cigars. But not one man out of a million is willing to own that he can not be funny. Ten years of experience have enabled us to make the following estimate of the average merit of the contributions offered to Puck:

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Good and acceptable | 10 per cent. |
| Fair | 25 " |
| Hopelessly bad | 25 " |
| Good, but unavailable | 10 " |



The amateur writer will never believe that a piece of writing may be "good, but unavailable." Yet this phrase is just. An article may be untimely—may express ideas that conflict with the policy of the paper—may be too much like previously-accepted matter—may be too long—may



Trimming-presses in the Bindery.

be of unsuitable style—and yet be good in itself. And, all the same, it may not properly be used in the paper to which it is sent.

CUTS.

The pen-and-ink drawings which have become so important a feature of Puck, within the past three years, are not "dashed off" like the work of the ambitious amateur.



Among the 24,000 Stones.

Almost as much labor is expended upon the production of these inside cuts as goes to the making of the cartoons. No picture is drawn without study and consultation; and one or another of the editorial staff is constantly on duty, looking after the illustration of such articles as may admit of pictorial aid.



The Cut-room.

of most of their pictures; some are happier at catching the ideas of other humorists.

The picture-loving public does not know that New York supports a number of idea-mongers—men who make a profession of selling sketches and suggestions for pictures to the illustrated papers. These are generally clever men, with bright ideas and limited artistic skill, who make a good living by furnishing either the legend (or "caption") that suggests a picture, or a rough sketch, crude, perhaps, but full of valuable hints for composition. Every illustrated journal in the city draws a part of its supply from this source. One fecund member of the band, Mr. E. S. Bisbee, has been known to submit forty "ideas" as the result of a single day's work.

The pictures are drawn with pen-and-ink, twice or three times the size that they are to appear in the paper. Then they are sent to the



Touching-up the Cuts.

Photo-Engraving Company, which makes relief-plates from them by a process which may not be described here.

Plate and original are both sent back to Puck, and the original drawings are promptly filed away in portfolios. The cut is at once inspected and re-touched by our engraver, Mr. William Liesenberg. Cuts, after use, are placed in cut-racks of vast extent, reposing there for

VI.

PUCK'S NEW DRESS.

The new type from which Mr. Richard Haffner, Foreman of Puck's Press-room will print Puck this week, bears a clear and beautiful old-style face, of noticeable delicacy and originality of design. It is what the printers call "leaded bourgeois"—that is, it is as high as our former long-primer type; but a trifle narrower—a clearer type than the old—so say our proof-readers, Messrs. Martini and Meigs.

VII.

THE PUCK BUILDING.

The Puck Building was built, as we have said, after designs by Mr. Albert Wagner. The general style shows a remarkably clever adaptation of motives of the Italian Renaissance to the exigencies of modern business. The most prominent feature of the building are the long lines of round arches on the two fronts, with their massive supports of polished granite. Both fronts are divided by main belted piers and pilasters, horizontally by string courses in the third and fifth stories. In the second story the arches support intermediate pillars, dividing the front above into a series of large mullioned windows. The building is of brick; but the great flag-staff support on the corner, and the arches in the recessed entrance are

constructed of wrought-iron, used as effectively and artistically as this awkward but indispensable material has ever been handled. The general effect combines strength with lightness and a graceful simplicity most refreshing in this day of architectural affectation, when all our bright young designers are straining after cheap effects and "sincere" forms which have no sincerity in them.

VIII.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES.

In these days of labor troubles and discussions, it may be worth while to print a few figures concerning the men employed—from the editors and artists to the errand-boys—in this great building. There are 429 in all; and every month \$24,500 is paid in wages and salaries.

The average of payment to the employees of Puck is \$25 a week. The average in Mr. Ottmann's establishment is lower—\$20.50—owing to the large number of boys employed. But the pay of adults is exceptionally high. The boys who feed the presses earn \$8 and \$10 a week. Pressmen are paid from \$18 to \$30; artists and designers from \$60 to \$70; transferers from \$20 to \$30. Superintendents of the various art-departments make \$70 and \$100. A week's work is 54 hours; over-time being paid extra. There is a mutual benefit association among the hands, which pays \$7 a week to those disabled by sickness. Many men have been in the employ of the firms for eight, nine and ten consecutive years. The electrotypers and their muscular chief, Mr. Robert Hornby, are kept busy six days in the week, and occasionally at night.

The present editor of the German Puck is Mr. Wilhelm Müller, a graceful poet and able journalist. His associate is Mr. Carl Hauser, the librettist, whose bright wit is well-known to New York theatre-goers, both German and English. Mr. Hauser has been connected with Puck since 1876. The principal contributors to the German Puck are Mr. C. A. Honthumb, Mr. W. Kurtz, Mr. Hugo Naphtali, Mr. Emil Dietzsch, Mr. F. W. Feistkorn, Mr. W. Gramm, Dr. J. Knotser.

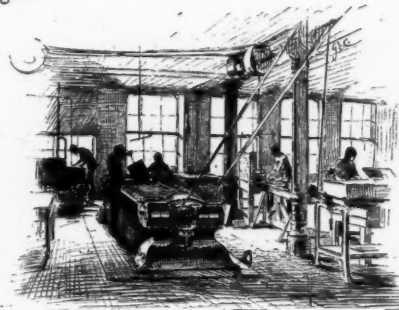
We have no space to give here a list of the contributors and artists who have helped to make Puck what it is. But we should be ungrateful were we not to mention, if only by name, a few of the bright writers whose work appears in the paper week after week—Messrs. W. J. Henderson ("Tricotrin"), Mr. P. H. Welch, Manley

H. Pike, Williston Fish, F. E. Chase, Ed. Mott, Scott Way, J. H. Williams, Arthur Lot, J. L. Ford, George A. Baker, Mr. F. Marshall White, H. C. Dodge, Paul Pastnor, Walter Learned, Ripley Hitchcock, F. A. Stearns, H. C. Ficklen, C. H. Lüders, E. F. Lintaber, W. L. Riordon, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Mmes. Ruth Hall, E. L. Sylvester, E. M. Ames ("Eleanor Kirk"), E. A. Oppen, Madeline S. Bridges.

Nor can we forget the services rendered to the paper by the strong cartoons of Mr. Bernard Gillam, and the bright work of Mr. E. Zimmermann—these two no longer of our company—and the services which Messrs. Frederick Oppen, C. Jay Taylor, A. B. Shults and L. Dalrymple, are rendering to-day, aided from outside the office, by Messrs. A. B. Frost, C. G. Bush, M. Woolf, E. N. Blue and J. S. Goodwin. The illustrations in this supplement are mostly from the clever pencil of Mr. G. E. Ciani, who leaves us to return to his home in Italy. All of Puck's old aids are not in the new Puck Building—some of them may never see it now. But those who are there will strive to make a better paper for you with every year that comes and goes.



Reading Proof.



The Electrotyping-room.



"Noon."